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FEBRUARY 3, 1932

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

Mountebank or Martyr?

To the Editor: *Clifton Springs, N. Y.*

SIR—Patricia Kendall's article, "Gandhi—Mountebank or Martyr?" is a very remarkable one. It has been a long time since I have read anything so shallow, which showed so little insight and understanding. Miss Kendall will need more than "patience" to be able to appreciate this great man; she will need just what she admitted she did not use in the writing of this article—"insight and imagination."

Anyone who has read the volumes, which your author refers to concerning Gandhi, knows that Miss Kendall has twisted the facts to suit her own biased fancy, has crowded her paper too full of half-truths in order to startle us poor innocent readers. Her futile attempt to make Gandhi into a "mountebank" greatly amuses me.

There was only one thing that did not make me smile, and that was the reference to Christ at the end of the paper. It seemed most out of place in an article of this nature, and anyone who understood his teachings at all would never be guilty of quoting him in this connection, for all he did and said are directly contrary both to the spirit of this article and to the power of Caesar. I prefer Andrews and Rolland when I want the truth about Gandhi; I turn to Miss Kendall's "contribution" when I want to laugh.

STANLEY I. STUBER.

For Wet Republicans

To the Editor: *San Francisco*

SIR—Herbert C. Pell's letter to a wet Republican is sane and logical. It should awaken the voters from their stupor and hasten the discard of party emblems. We should concern ourselves with the essentials and stop quibbling over trifles. These United States are rich with men and women who recognize the need of leaders who are not influenced by the contemptible organization that constitutes the Anti-Saloon League. The Sentinels of the Republic in their weekly program sent out a warning. Let us hope in the coming election the voters will have an opportunity of voting for a Ritchie or Johnson, men that represent issues and have the ability to perform.

S. L. BERNSTEIN.

Women in World Affairs

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—I cannot refrain from challenging your seemingly ungracious words about peace crusader Mary Emma Woolley in your January 6 issue. I confess I am at a loss to understand your editorial motive in deploring her appointment to the disarmament delegation. A college president, a famous peace advocate—what more qualifications are needed? Pray tell, dear editors, what other woman might have been selected?

Moreover, have women no stake in disarmament? Have women no part in international affairs officially or otherwise? Does the present world mess prove men so superior as negotiators that women should never be countenanced at conference tables? As for President Hoover, whom you blame for such an appointment, may I ask is there anything about him or that he has done that has at any time pleased the OUTLOOK? I am disgusted with your editorial policy toward him and his administration. If ever a President needed and deserved support it is in this crucial hour of world history. What is it? Are you disgruntled because he didn't weaken to beer and other panaceas advanced by political peewits, because he didn't prevent the crash of 1929 or because he failed to usher in a millennium?

ELLIS HUNTINGTON DANA.

In Defense of Women

To the Editor: *West Hazelton, Pa.*

SIR—*"Tu Quoque"* in your "Trend of the Week" of January 13th issue was the best item that you have ever written in my three years as a subscriber to the OUTLOOK. Your answer to the English author Mr. McFee was unique and amusing but to the point.

I note with pleasure that it makes you furious when a foreigner casts reflection on American womanhood. Now you can understand how your fellow Americans feel about you with your incessant ridicule and cartoons of the President of these United States.

You must understand that the United States is a vast melting pot for all nations, and some of them have not been here long enough to absorb Americanism. So it behooves you as editor to educate these people with a profound respect for America, for its laws and institutions and for what they stand. You have at your command a vehicle that can be a mighty force for good or evil, and as editor you should feel responsible for the effects that your utterances create.

EVAN B. WILLIAMS.

Hands Across the Sea

To the Editor: *Toronto, Canada*

SIR—Will you allow me, as a Britisher, to express to you my appreciation of your fair-minded and independent attitude towards my country? Such a press goes far to promote the friendship between two great peoples which, if it were sufficiently cemented, would do more to ensure peace than a hundred sessions at Geneva.

THEODORA HERAPATH.

Justice for Mooney

To the Editor: *Evanston, Ill.*

SIR—I am glad that the OUTLOOK exists. I am glad there are a few publications in the United States which have the courage to print the facts as they see them. Such a publication as yours is not for the rabble. It is for those outside the mob. It takes courage to be not of the mob. At least, you don't attempt to garble facts. You may not always be right, but who is?

I like the courage you display in attempting to give the facts as they seem in regard to the Mooney case, your Chicago and Shaw miscorrespondents to the contrary notwithstanding. Why can't we all at least be fair and reasonably tolerant?

Intolerance crucified Jesus Christ. It applied the fagot in the Dark and Middle ages—yes, even almost to our very time. Even within our own time we have electrocuted and imprisoned for life men, who without a question of doubt were deliberately framed and railroaded. I have particular references to both the Sacco and Vanzetti and the Mooney and Billings cases. At least the preponderance of evidence irrefutably discloses such to be the case. Why in a democracy can't we at least be willing to see that justice is done, whether the person affected be either a "wop" or a "hunkie"—even a Negro for that matter?

I don't agree with everything anybody says or thinks—not even the OUTLOOK, but I can see the difference between courage and Babbittism. Such publications as yours, if you have the courage to keep up the good work, will some day make us free to a reasonable degree. Maybe you can also help to lick our amendment on prohibition, even though it may be ever so noble an experimentation.

If Mooney is innocent, let's free him.

H. E. HILL.

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Uncle Sam in the Red

Billions in Deficits Call for Higher Taxes

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

With dwindling revenues the Treasury calls for a broader tax base. A discussion of our tax system of recent years, which has piled the burden of the cost of government on the well-to-do, and at the same time has encouraged public extravagance.

Tanya Craves a Ford!

An Intimate Story of Rainbows in Russia

By Lorine Pruette

The author lived with a Russian family in Moscow. Tanya, the young daughter, had little rest and subsisted on bad food, but pushed her frail self to the limit to meet the demands of the Five Year Plan in the factory where she worked. Why? Because Tanya foresees the ownership of a Ford, and happiness soon to come. But, asks the author, can the Tanyas of Young Russia stand the fearful pressure until the Ford comes? She doubts it. Here is an intensely human story of the inside of the average Russian home of today.

A Consumer Speaks His Mind

By W. W. Beach

An expert who has analyzed "sick businesses" reveals some cases of mismanagement and high overhead which, he says, must be eliminated in the new day of business.

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OUT WHERE THE BOOM BEGINS

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OUTLOOK
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▸▸ The Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Garbogarbo*

You can get pretty confused about what is and isn't like Greta Garbo if you read much of the news from Hollywood. The movies, it seems, are inclined to go exotic, but that has nothing to do with Garbo. A number of slinky sirens are being imported from Europe; Garbo was imported from Europe, too, but what of that? The newcomers run to oval faces, tired eyes and slenderness—not a speck like Garbo, though. Why, one of the new Garbos—beg pardon, one of the new stars, Tala Birell—did look something like Garbo when she arrived, but now that she has changed her make-up and coiffure she doesn't resemble Garbo at all.

The point is, apparently, that Garbo has bowled over the fans and kept them bowled. Other producers yearn to capitalize on the popularity of her type and her foreign flavor, but they must not seem to do so. Imitation is suspect. Last year, when the mistake was made of playing up Marlene Deitrich's and Elissa Landi's resemblance to Garbo, the fans began to judge them more on the basis of the resemblance than on their own merits. So the war of the exotics is on. Most producers will be anxiously watching their little parcels of "finds" for a super-Garbo who is as unlike Garbo as she can possibly be. As for the imported stars themselves, the first person who mentions Garbo in their presence is a five-horned hippopotamus.

▸▸*How to Be An Author*

"The death of magazines, the starvation thinness of those surviving and the uncertainty of book sales have for most writers changed what was the business of writing into a too expensive luxury, Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, president of the Authors' League of America, said yesterday.

"Ninety cents a word for the several thousand words of a series of magazine articles was recently paid to former-governor Alfred E. Smith, automatically raising him into that company of writers who are better paid for a paragraph than Shakespeare was for some of his plays."

And there, in a nutshell of two newspaper paragraphs, you have the whole story of With Pen and Pencil, or How to Become a Successful Author. Don't join a library; join your district club. Don't read; run for alderman. Don't write poems; help get out the vote. Don't practice writing; practice public speaking. Don't worry about syntax; worry about advancing to the State legislature and eventually to Congress or a governorship. Don't burn your midnight oil; set it to lubricating the path to the White House. Then your name will be one that everyone will recognize on the magazine covers. Then you'll have reader-appeal and editors and publishers will beat a deep path to your door.

▸▸*Favorite Son*

Early in 1928 Louisiana elected Huey P. Long governor. In November, 1930,

Louisiana, after two and a half years of Long and all that implies, elected him United States Senator. On January 12, 1932, Louisiana, after a year and a quarter more of Long, gave the Democratic nominations for governor and lieutenant governor—equivalent to elections—to two of Long's protégés—O. K. Allen and John B. Fournet. Hard as it is to believe, the fact seems to be that Louisiana actually *likes* Long.

▸▸*Tom Swift-Like*

What with one thing and another, we had almost forgotten about Tom Swift. Then we read about the discovery of the Tomb of the Caciques in the ruins at Monte Alban, Mexico. How Alfonso Caso, the Mexican archæologist, had directed the work of excavation and found a flight of stairs leading to the tomb's doorway, sealed from within. How he had discovered the rooms packed with Mixtec history, disintegrated skeletons, a human skull with an ornate mask of turquoise and mother-of-pearl, bones with carvings which may unlock mysteries, engravings in bronze and silver, pearls as large as pigeon eggs, gold rings, bracelets and necklaces, a gold diadem, a gold filigreed mask, a gold crown and so on. How Caso had said that the discoveries were worth a million to any one—more than that to a museum.

It was Tom Swift all over, specifically *Tom Swift in the City of Gold, or Marvelous Adventures Underground*. Tom Swift was two decades ahead of Caso, for *Tom Swift in the City of Gold* was published back in 1912. Tom and Mr. Damon and Red and Eradicate found the Mexican ruins, moved a stone, dis-

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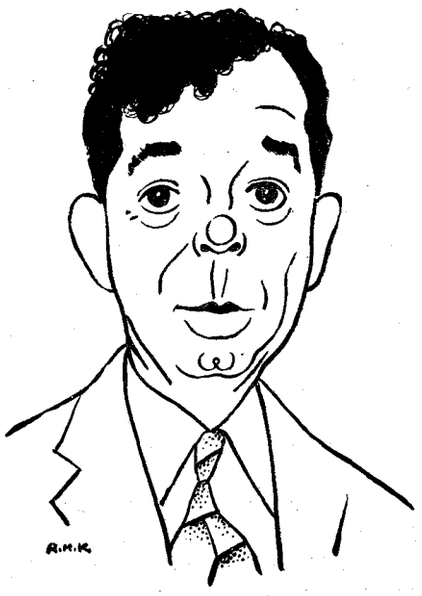
covered the stairs and—read what the book says—"advanced farther into the underground city of gold. As they went



HUEY

on they saw the precious yellow metal on every side of them. It was used lavishly." Tom said his discoveries were worth a lot to some museum—"worth more than the value of the gold itself." That was the way with Tom in the old days, alert, on his toes, ahead of the times—recall *Tom Swift and His Wireless Message, Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle, Tom Swift and His Photo Telephone, Tom Swift and His Air Racer, or the Quickest Flight on Record.* Of late, however, Tom has barely kept up with things. *Tom Swift and His Talking Pictures*, for instance, was not published until 1928, *Tom Swift and His Big Dirigible* until 1930. Maybe the Caso discoveries will spur him to his old vigor.

▸▸*Five Straws*

("Take a straw and throw it up into the air; you may see by that which way the wind is."—John Selden.)

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jacobs of New York City have decided to name their new-born baby girl Norma Depression Jacobs.

Citizens of Bennington, Vermont, have organized the Bennington Credit Corporation to lend money to hard-pressed residents unable to secure it through the banks. Up to $200, loans will be made on the resident's character and reputation alone—no security required.

On January 19 Mayor Harmon of Urbana, Illinois, after a series of runs on local banks, suspended all business within the corporate limits for five days to permit citizens to shake off their panic and regain their financial senses. Two other down-state cities soon followed suit.

Because of resignations of members since September, with resulting loss of revenues and dues, the Automobile Club of America, oldest organization of its kind, has decided to dissolve.

When the last of the seven banks of Hammond, Indiana, went out of existence, Edward Groth, bank teller, set up shop as a money changer, cashing checks and changing money for a fee, but accepting no deposits. He's doing well.

▸▸*Well, Anyhow*

A LETTER to the New York *Times* points out that the popcorn industry is booming and that the sales of one producer alone run to more than five million cans a year.

December employment in fifteen industrial groups showed a 0.7 per cent gain over November, with a 0.3 per cent gain in payrolls.

Carloadings in the week ending January 9 exceeded those of the previous week by 69,000 cars, or 13 per cent.

The sales of electric refrigerators during 1931, according to *Electrical Merchandising*, exceeded those for 1930 and 1929 in both volume and value.

Business activity in December, the *Annalist* points out, was about 1.23 per cent better than in November, production having picked up in the automobile, zinc and boot and shoes industries.

World cotton consumption for the season shows an improvement of from eight to ten per cent over that for the previous season, with exports of American cotton already 150,000 bales ahead of last season's.

Wheat, which sold for 55 7-8 cents a bushel on December 31, was selling at 58 1-8 cents on January 25, and cotton, which sold at 6.15 cents a pound in October, was selling at 7.41 cents on January 25.

Twenty million Americans bought tickets to the circus in 1931.

▸▸*Pussyfoot Corner*

ASKED to explain his stand on prohibition, Senator James J. Davis, candidate for reëlection in Pennsylvania, replied as follows: "When I was a candidate I said I would abide by the Wickersham report."

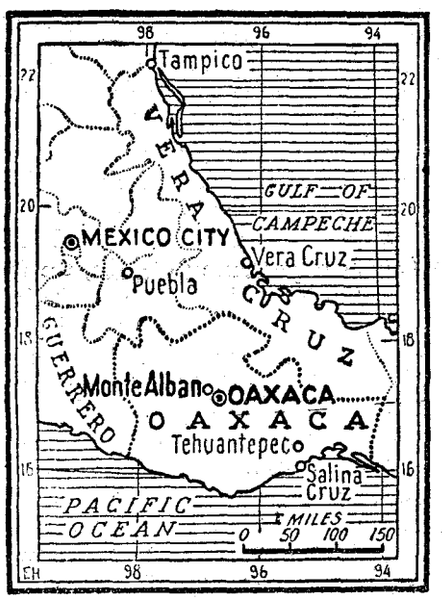
▸▸*Monuments*

PAUL M. WARBURG, who died on January 24, needs no monument. Two monuments to him are already in existence. The first is the Federal Reserve System, in whose building and early operation he played such a prominent part. The second is his celebrated statement of early 1929, which, made six months before the stock market crash, clearly exemplified his brilliant financial leadership. At that time he said:

"If the Stock Exchange debauch is quickly arrested by prompt and determined action, it is not too much to hope that a shrinkage of inflated stock prices may yet be brought about without seriously affecting the wider circle of general business. If orgies of unrestricted speculation are permitted to spread too far, however, the ultimate collapse is certain not only to affect the speculators themselves but also to bring about a general depression involving the entire country."

▸▸*Alfalfa in the East*

ALFALFA BILL had a lovely time on his recent trip to Washington. While the Capital looked on, amused and amazed, occasionally impressed, he downed cup after cup of coffee, puffed big black cigars, polished off luncheons of fat bacon, boiled pigs' feet, half-done cabbage and fried onions, made speeches, made jokes, made contacts, held interviews, issued statements, gave testimony



TREASURE LAND

and never stopped luxuriating in the public interest over his baggy clothes, crooked tie and white cotton socks.

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ALFALFA BILL

Governor Murray's candidate for President is Governor Murray. He has no other candidate. The times, he said, call for a leader who will "act without reference to what the people may think, provided he is within the Constitution and knows he's right. That's the way I acted in closing up the interstate bridge." Franklin Roosevelt? "Without courage," said Murray; "does not stand up and does not quite measure up to the standard." Newton Baker? "A baby playing with foreign questions such as the League of Nations." Mr. Hoover? "The revolutions in Brazil and Argentina were due to a remark made by Mr. Hoover." Al Smith? Governor Murray waved him wordlessly away.

His next stop was the Capitol, where he testified on banking reforms before a committee of the House. Then on to a meeting of the Democratic Women's Club, on to a radio studio to speak on banking systems and credit, on to the convention of the Anti-Saloon League. "God bless you, Bill!" shouted William D. Upshaw as Murray arose to speak. "There is a possibility the final solution of legal control will not be prohibition," said Alfalfa Bill. "Most unfortunate," commented Mr. Upshaw.

"So that's Alfalfa Bill!" exclaimed Washington, as the Governor finally swept out of the city, bound for the Carolinas. That's Alfalfa Bill—"born in a November snowstorm," as he puts it; "rocked in the cradle of adversity; chastened by hardship and poverty." The stuff of which demagogues are made, you say. Certainly. Sad though the fact may be, the sort of man who has a knack for getting votes.

▶▶*How to Lower Taxes*

"ECONOMIZE!" cry many of our business men to the local, state and national governments. "Keep expenditures down to the lowest possible point, even if this interferes with public relief work and so curtails public works programs as to swell the army of the unemployed. Otherwise the increasing tax burden may break the back of American business."

Sometimes one wonders whether they really mean what they say. Despite their clamor, they must realize that as long as the depression persists there will be little prospect of a radical reduction in government expenditures. And doubtless our governments can be persuaded to abandon some of their projected purchases of goods and services. They can also be persuaded to shift some from their cash accounts to their credit accounts, financing them by bond issues rather than taxes. But that is the most one can hope for. For the rest, if budgets are to be balanced it must be done by means of additional revenue.

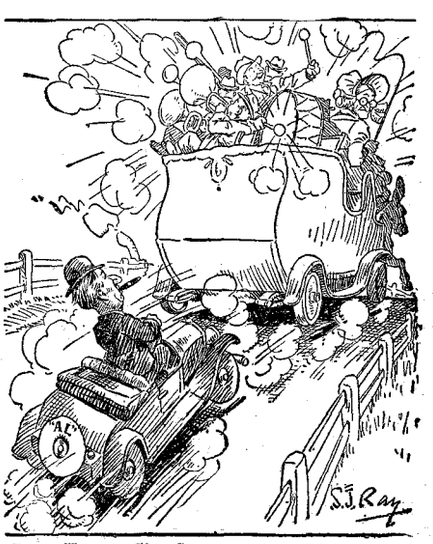
There is, nevertheless, one way in which business men can lighten their tax load. Strange how many of them still fail to see it and shout for it. A large part of the load can be transferred to the liquor traffic, as in other countries. Testifying before a Senate committee recently, David Burnet, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, admitted that the Federal income would be substantially increased by the legalization of four per cent beer. A few days later, Dr. Lewis H. Haney, of New York University's Bureau of Business Research, revealed that most of the seventy-two economists in New York State whom he had polled on the effect of repealing the present prohibition laws believe that it would increase government revenues, relieve the already over-burdened taxpayer and stimulate business as well.

The most important statement on the subject came, however, from Professor Seligman of Columbia, America's foremost tax authority, who on January 18 pointed out that repeal of the prohibition laws and restoration of the Federal tax on liquor would yield the Federal government about $1,280,000,000 annually. In other words, about $140,000,000 more than the total the Federal government expects from all its corporation taxes and individual income taxes in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932. Let business men and property owners who protest against high taxes paste that fact in their hats.

▶▶*The R. F. C.*

IF ANYONE doubts that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act places enormous power in the hands of a few men, let him read the text of the bill passed by Congress and signed by President Hoover. The Corporation will be managed by a board of directors consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the Farm Loan Commissioner and four other persons to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate—Mr. Hoover has appointed Charles G. Dawes president of the Corporation. In reality, the Corporation is these seven men; its power is their power, its authority their authority. With precious few restrictions they are now undertaking extremely important tasks whose purpose, Mr. Hoover declares, is "to stop deflation in agriculture and industry."

Congress has given the Corporation $500,000,000 to be loaned to railroads, farmers, banks—operating and closed—life insurance companies, building and loan associations and other financial institutions. The Corporation can secure $1,500,000,000 more for loaning purposes by selling "reconstruction bonds." The board of directors alone determines the terms and conditions of the loans. Directly and indirectly the Corporation can loan up to $100,000,000 to any established domestic corporation. It can place interest rates high or low. It can accept or reject domestic collateral as it sees fit. Through the Secretary of Agriculture it can loan from $50,000,000 to $200,000,000 to farmers without any collateral at all save a first lien on future



Ray—Kansas City Star

Following the Band Wagon or waiting for a chance to lead it?

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PRESIDENT DAWES

crops which may not even be planted.

The Corporation's loaning powers are paralleled by its bond-selling powers. The principal and interest of the reconstruction bonds are guaranteed by the United States. Yet the Corporation can set the interest rates and sell the bonds on its own terms and conditions. It can also buy the bonds back at whatever price it agrees upon with the bondholders. There is nothing in the act to prevent it from borrowing money at six per cent, say, and loaning it out at three per cent, or borrowing at eight and loaning at one. There is nothing to prevent it from overloaning to one industry or section and underloaning to another industry or section, or from accepting questionable collateral. In the end the Treasury Department, not the Corporation, will bear the losses incurred in this tremendous attempt to prevent industry from going to the wall.

▶▶*These Times*

GENERAL IMPRESSION of the slightly incredible article, "In Times Like These," by Calvin Coolidge, in the *American Magazine* for February:

During the last few years, many people have lost their jobs, their homes, and their savings. These people should not lose their faith. Because they have lost jobs, homes, and savings, they should not get the idea that jobs, homes and savings are not good things to have. The man who owns his own home is much better off today than the man who does not, because having a home gives him somewhere to live. Shelter is a very good thing.

Banks are absolutely necessary for the cashing of checks. If all our banks were to collapse our system of credit would be somewhat impaired. It would not be desirable to go back to the practice of bartering potatoes for spools of thread, although both potatoes and spools of thread are necessary. Banks are risky, but so is everything else. The man who hides his money in the teapot is no better off than the man who puts his in the bank, because he has to go without tea, unless he wants to keep moving his money all the time.

No one wanted this depression and therefore no one can be blamed for it. It simply happens that sometimes there are depressions and people have to get along the best they can. No one should become discouraged because, if every one became discouraged, where would we be? Adversity is a great character builder. Job found that out. Job was very rich, and then hard times set in and he became very poor. But, *because he kept his faith,* when the hard times were over he became richer than ever. During a period of depression, we must build up our characters and have faith. It is also a good thing to have a snug home, a bank account and a fine fat income. Up Massachusetts way, there lives a blue-eyed ex-President who has all three and therefore feels pretty well satisfied.

▶▶*Impasse*

THE FIRST MONTH of the year produced a multitude of official and unofficial statements on reparations and war debts. It also produced a momentous impasse. Viewed in the large, the moratorium initiated by Mr. Hoover last June and the reëxamination of the reparations question requested by Germany last November were mere preludes to the situation of today.

The Hoover moratorium postponed war debt and reparations payments until July 1, 1932. Germany's action in November served notice that she would be unable to resume payments in July. This contention was supported by the Basle committee's advisory report late in December, a report made technically to the World Bank, actually to Germany's creditors. Germany did not wait, however, to confer with these creditors. On January 9 Chancellor Bruening—undoubtedly influenced by the ever-growing popularity of Hitler, who promises to end all reparations payments immediately—announced that "Germany's situation makes impossible her continuing to make political payments" and that the creditor governments need not look for compromise solutions.

France and Britain apparently tried to ignore the full import of this dramatic announcement. When, however, they advocated that the moratorium be extended another year, Germany flatly rejected the proposal and insisted that definite readjustments of reparations be made before July 1. Britain thereupon postponed the conference which was scheduled to open at Lausanne on January 25; a conference at that time would have been futility itself, for, aside from the Franco-German impasse, there was a Franco-American impasse as well. Premier Laval had just insisted that France would "sacrifice nothing of our credit without a corresponding remission of our debts." Secretary Stimson had but recently advised France that Congress would not approve any extension of the moratorium or any revision of the debts either. That is the situation today, with the moratorium having but five months to run. No reparations possible, says Germany. No let-up on reparations without a let-up on war debts, says France. No let-up on war debts possible, says the United States. Some one must give way.

▶▶*Year of Grace*

WHILE Germany's governmental creditors were saying what they would and would not do, Germany's private creditors were meeting in Berlin. Their immediate problem, like that of the governments, was concerned with the approaching end of a moratorium—the

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standstill agreement of last August whereby Germany's private creditors consented not to call short-term loans before March 1, 1932. The plain fact was that the standstill agreement was about to expire and that Germany would not be able to meet her notes if many of them were called at the same time. Facing this fact the private creditors agreed on January 24 to extend their standstill arrangement a year.

While the bankers will not call their loans during the year, they expect Germany to keep up the interest and reduce the principal—since the first agreement went into effect Germany had reduced her $2,000,000,000 short-term debt by about ten per cent. Germany, in turn, expects the bankers to convert some of their short-term credits into ten-year bonds and other long-time obligations. On each side, of course, these are merely hopes whose fulfillment depends largely upon what the year holds in store for Germany. Explain it as politely as they may, Germany's private creditors have given her a year of grace for the simple reason that you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip. That fact will determine the ultimate action taken by Germany's governmental creditors also.

▸▸*Mr. Seabury Reports*

THE widespread skepticism as to the value of the current legislative investigation of Tammany-controlled New York City has been based on doubts that it would bring about any fundamental change. There has been a feeling that, even if specific evils and evildoers were discovered and eliminated, there would soon be a new crop in their place. In its recognition of this feeling lies the strength of the preliminary report returned to the New York legislature by Samuel Seabury, chief counsel of the investigating committee.

Mr. Seabury reports that, "in whatever direction the light of the investigation has turned, there have been revealed conditions suggestive of extortion and graft." This, he notes, "is not merely an individual act of the wrongdoer, but is part and parcel of a system universal in the city." But Mr. Seabury is aware of the fact that the checking of graft and corruption by exposure and punishment is not sufficient. "I venture to believe," he states, "that the very substantial and permanent benefits which will follow the investigation that is being made will result because of the adoption of constructive changes which will raise the city from the low and sordid estate to which it has sunk to a government characterized by honesty and the elimination of waste and extravagance, and by legislation which will forever save it from returning to the present level."

In time the Seabury committee will make specific recommendations. They are not in the current report for the simple reason that the committee has not finished gathering the facts on which to base them. But the general direction they may take is suggested in Mr. Seabury's mention of a "plan which will make it possible for the administrative functions of the city to be performed exclusively by competent administrators who will be free from political control." This, he says, may mean a recommendation of "some system of proportional representation and preferential voting within the city of New York." It may mean a recommendation of the city-manager form of government, or some variation thereof. The significant fact, however, is that the Seabury committee is digging down to fundamentals and not merely scraping the surface.

▸▸*The Chinese Boycott*

THESE are the essentials behind Japan's armed activities at Shanghai: Japan, having employed her strongest weapon —military force—to take Manchuria, has goaded China into employing her strongest weapon—the economic boycott—which in turn has goaded Japan into employing her strongest weapon again. Thus Japan, having used military force in Manchuria to extend her trade, is using military force at Shanghai to keep China from restricting it.

Remarkable Remarks!

As was once said with reference to the World War, the present depression might well be characterized as a major phenomenon in the life of the American Republic. — REPRESENTATIVE JOHN E. RANKIN.

Vernon L. Mangun, 7900 Seventh Ave. S., Birmingham, Ala., $5 prize.

The trade depression will at some time or other become less severe.—SIR WILLIAM H. BEVERIDGE.

John Malkin, 2235 Jerome St., Toledo, Ohio, $2 prize.

This depression has taught me never to worry.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

What Japan desires is only to secure peace and order in Manchuria and to make that region safe.—FOREIGN MINISTER KINKIAHI YOSHIZWA.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Bishop James Cannon Jr. stands as a great champion of freedom of conscience and intellect—a protector of the independence of the franchise.—REPRESENTATIVE C. E. MORE.

Dorothy W. Nelson, 2782 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif., $2 prize.

No game man ever hears the count of ten. —He is up before that.—GENE TUNNEY.

Barney Barrows, 327 Remington St., Fort Collins, Colorado, $2 prize.

In America I am not a legend. I am a god. They worship me.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

J. M. Rapp, De Queen, Ark., $2 prize.

It's a damn good thing people get old and die. It keeps things rather interesting.—THEODORE DREISER.

Reva Rothe, 1026 Little Bldg., Boston, Mass., $2 prize.

I walk down the boulevard and do lots of things like other people.—DOLORES DEL RIO.

Bernard Greenberg, 2305 Vermont St., Toledo, Ohio, $2 prize.

Women are amazing.—MAHATMA GANDHI.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa, $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 155

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China's weapon is a blunt one. Contrary to the general impression, however, the Chinese boycott is not a spontaneous expression of anti-Japanese feeling. Its very effectiveness lies in the ruthlessness with which Chinese communities are forced to boycott Japanese goods. The forcing is done by the "Anti-Japanese and Save-the-Nation Association"—with more help than hindrance from Chinese officialdom. Rodney Gilbert, writing for the New York *Herald Tribune*, explains how the boycott works. "The present organization in Shanghai and in Yangtse River and southern coast ports," he says, "has all the prerogatives of a secret police force and discharges all the functions of the Soviet Ogpu at its worst. It has the right to search, seizure, arrest, trial and execution. It does not picket concerns suspected of selling Japanese goods. It searches them, seizes suspected goods, arrests the merchants, and has in some recorded cases tried and executed them. It not only takes similar measures against native merchants who try to take delivery of 'enemy' cargo, but it orders its paid agents to seize such cargo in the streets, with the police as elated witnesses, and carries it off to its warehouses . . . .

"The 'passive' character of the boycott is a jest in the Chinese press. There it is frankly war, the only kind of war that China is equipped to wage against another power. Every act of criminal violence against the Japanese is advocated in the public press and in the hundreds of posters with which every commercial town is plastered."

What worries Japan is that the boycott works, as Japanese merchants and exporters can testify. Hence the Japanese authorities are moving heaven and earth to stop it, with Japanese military operations restrained only by fear of involving the Western powers.

▸▸*Gloom at Geneva*

THERE is a pathetic contrast between the hopes of some laymen and the expectations of experts as the world-wide conference on land, sea and air armaments opens in Geneva. Many laymen still manage to be optimistic about the outcome—those of them who have shown any interest at all. Thus American college students send petitions to Congress, requesting it to urge the conference to cut armaments by twenty-five per cent. Thus American women, under the auspices of various peace societies, have attached a million or more signatures to petitions asking the conference for a real program of disarmament. Thus over two million signatures on a similar petition have been collected by the women of England.

But the experts are frankly pessimistic. Secretary of the Navy Adams says, "It is not likely that the existing [London naval] agreement will be modified very far." Senator Borah says the omens are discouraging. Admiral Pratt, asked whether he looked for far-reaching results at Geneva, answers, simply, "No." Senator Swanson, one of our arms delegates, declares that he is not optimistic, "only hopeful," and adds: "If the disarmament conference fails to accomplish anything we will not have to wait long for the next European war." Wickham Steed of England, Christian Lange of Norway and many other well-known authorities are admittedly gloomy. As for Will Rogers, who is getting to be a bit of an arms expert himself, he says: "There's going to be a million laughs over there at that peace conference . . . . You know, to ask those fellows at Geneva to disarm is going to be just like asking them to leave off their overcoats when going out into the snow."

The uncertainty regarding reparations, the sensational rise of Hitler, the failure to meet the French demand for security despite the impotence of the Kellogg pact and the League Covenant to prevent Japan's invasion of Manchuria—all these are factors in the experts' pessimism. There remains one hope—one feeble little hope—that arms reduction can still be made a reality. It can be, even now, if the peoples of the various nations can be aroused from their apathy and made to insist upon it. As Viscount Cecil—who, says Jonathan Mitchell in his *Goose Steps to Peace*, "knows more than any one else, perhaps, about the perplexities of disarmament"—once put it: "The world can be disarmed if the peoples wish. The question is, do the peoples wish for disarmament?"

Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

▸▸*In Brief*

"THE condition of the wage earner in America," says Calvin Coolidge in the *American Magazine*, "has long been the despair of all the rest of the world." Whereas the condition of the wage earner in America is now the despair of the wage earner in America . . . . The annual report of the Public Printer shows that not a single copy of the complete report of the Wickersham Commission has been sold. And that, Mr. Wickersham, will give you a rough idea . . . . "I'm a small fish here, perhaps," says Senator Huey Long in Washington. Not at all, Mr. Long . . . . Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock says the plan of Paterson, New Jersey, to put a tax on speakeasies would be against the law. If that is the case, we don't suppose the speakeasy proprietors would want anything to do with it . . . . At that, there is something very human about Paul N. Cyr, claimant of the Louisiana governorship. When the State Supreme Court rendered a decision dashing his hopes, he issued a formal public statement calling it "a hell of a note." . . . . Our candidate for the title of driest man in the United States: Clinton N. Howard, of the Committee for Law Enforcement, who says that, in agreeing to a referendum on the prohibition amendment, Bishop Richardson, new national head of the Anti-Saloon League, has practically joined forces with the wets.

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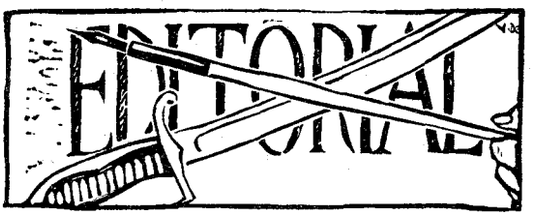
Another Hoover?



THERE are now two active candidates and at least one receptive candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. Probably there will be more of both kinds before the Democratic National Convention meets in Chicago. The receptive candidate is Newton D. Baker. Certainly it seems fair to call him receptive after his recent letter to a North Carolina newspaper editor declaring that "my greatest joy at the moment is coming from the fact that practically all of the comment which suggests a presidential candidacy for me is based upon the need of a revived liberalism and a refreshed idealism in the country. To that cause I am deeply committed and for it I want to fight; whether carrying a banner or marching in the ranks seems to me to make little difference." The two active candidates are Governor Ritchie of Maryland and Governor Roosevelt of New York. Mr. Ritchie has proclaimed his candidacy with the frankness for which he is famous. "Of course I would like to be President," he said not long ago. "Who would not?" As for Mr. Roosevelt, his candidacy was formally announced on January 23 in a letter to the secretary of the Democratic State Central Committee of North Dakota, whose laws require the consent of a candidate before his name can be entered in the primaries of March 15.

"If it is the desire of our party leaders in your state that my name be presented at your coming primaries as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the presidency," Mr. Roosevelt wrote, "I willingly give my consent, with full appreciation of the honor that has been done me. It is the simple duty of any American to serve in public position if called upon. One who believes in new standards of government for meeting new problems, in the translation of forward-looking thought into practical action, must welcome a chance to do his share toward that end."

ON THESE three men—and on other Democrats who may seek the presidential nomination—the thoughts and the hopes of an enormous number of people, of both parties and of neither party, now center. Now that Mr. Morrow is dead, they have ceased to expect any national leadership from the Republican party other than that it provides today. Of the quality of that leadership, personified by Mr. Hoover, it is necessary to say nothing more; it is all a very old story. Confidence is no longer placed in that quarter; it is generally understood that if we are to have genuine political leadership now it must come from the Democratic party—in particular from the three men who are already candidates: Roosevelt, Ritchie and Baker.

With genuine leadership there must go thorough, candid and constructive discussion of the issues of the day and a certain disregard for one's political future. That all three men are capable of showing such qualities on occasion they have recently demonstrated—Ritchie by his forthright criticism of Volsteadism, Baker by his championship of the League of Nations, Roosevelt by his demand for a hundred per cent increase in the New York State tax rate on individual incomes. While it may, therefore, be asking for a great deal—since pussyfooting is still assumed to be excellent politics—it is not asking for the impossible to demand of these men that they show the statesmanship the country's grievous situation demands. It would be futility itself to nominate a Hoover to defeat a Hoover. That Democratic candidate who successfully pussyfooted his way into the White House now would find himself held in contempt by all intelligent men—would find, therefore, that his job was not worth the having.

WHAT, then, are the subjects on which the country would have the Democratic candidates boldly state their ideas? They come readily enough to mind. It is, of course, their obvious duty to demand a workable substitute for Volsteadism. It is their obvious duty to express their opinions on reparations and on cancellation, reduction and postponement of the war debts. Similarly they must inform us of their attitudes on the tariff, on the World Court, on practical steps toward arms reduction and on feasible means of preserving the peace. But even more embarrassing subjects await them. What have they to say of wage insurance, of a program of Federal public works in aid of the jobless, of Federal appropriations for the unemployed and of an advisory council for American business? What have they to say of the Sherman anti-trust laws, what of the Farm Board, what of the disorganized coal industry, what of the banking laws, what of inflation and deflation? What, in short, do they prescribe for a nation economically sick?

No one expects any President or any presidential candidate to save the country singlehanded. But, regardless of party, intelligent voters do expect the Democratic candidates to forget the tired old political tricks and show the intellectual courage and capacity to pilot the ship through the gale. Evasion and ambiguity at this stage will be fatal to reputations, if not to political prospects. And they may even be fatal to political prospects, despite the cynicism of politicians who assume that the mass of the people will either misunderstand or stand for anything. There is already a widespread feeling that a Hoover by some other name would still be a Hoover and that feeling can grow to great proportions before election day.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE WETS will not get far in this Congress, or in any other, if they continue to make the same sort of blunder committed by Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut. In forcing a vote at the time he did on his request that the forty-eight governors, through a referendum or some yet unknown method, convey to Congress the sentiment on prohibition in their states, he possibly did more to hurt the cause of revision or repeal than Anti-Salooners have been able to do in years. His proposal, as fellow wets told him, was silly and meaningless in the first place, and he brought it up at a time when, rightly or wrongly, the statesmen felt they ought to give all their time to enactment of legislation for setting up the $2,000,000,000 reconstruction corporation.

The smug and stately Senator from the Nutmeg State turned a deaf ear to earnest pleas from several wets that he let his resolution be tabled, or laid aside temporarily. In the cloakrooms, and on the floor itself, they pointed out that even if his request received unanimous support, it would be no more than a gesture. Senator J. "Ham" Lewis of Illinois, in an extremely effective presentation of a Senator's attitude toward all referenda, whether he be a dry or wet, implored the Connecticut Yankee to quit embarrassing his colleagues.

The outcome, 55 to 15 against the resolution, gave the watchful drys a chance to chortle, even though the ballot does not, by any means, reflect the wetness of the upper chamber. We happen to know that at least thirty favor repeal or revision, that a dozen more would like to but do not dare, and that several Progressives from the dry and dusty spaces are not unwilling to let the people have a new say on the whole problem.

It is too much to expect that the cause of repeal should be advocated by super or even ordinary statesmen. Like every other movement, it has its weak supporters, or its unintelligent advocates. It is, too, for all we may say about taking it out of politics, deeply mired therein, and it always will be until the amendment or the Volstead Act is changed. It so happens that Mr. Bingham is up for reëlection next November, that Connecticut is a shaky state for a Republican and that the Senator must look to his political fences and speakeasies.

The small number of men voting for the Bingham referendum is not the most damaging blow to the wet cause. The more advantageous place to stage the first onslaught on the dry laws is, obviously, the House of Representatives, and the calculations of almost all the wet leaders have had this in mind. The lower chamber has a minimum of 130 members willing to vote against prohibition, and it has perhaps 100 more who, if they dared, would cast their ballot for repeal or revision. In fact the House leaders took cognizance of this sentiment when they agreed, under the new rule for discharge of committee by petition, to permit a count of noses, red and white. With care and deliberation, even though with some exhibition of political partisanship, the Republican and Democratic wet blocs have agreed on a definite referendum proposal, and have been mobilizing their forces for a sustained attack. Even though failure of passage is foredoomed, conservative estimates have been that between 150 and 200 members would eventually be lined up for the plan to let the people vote anew on this controversial issue.

The immediate reaction to the Bingham episode, however, is a change of heart on the part of some influential House bosses. While no definite decision has been made, some of the Democratic leaders are less willing to permit a showdown than they were when the Congress convened. The result in the Senate has inclined them to believe that it would be a mistake in a presidential year to open this particular Pandora's box—or bottle. Some of the wets, even, are hesitant about giving challenge now.

The strategists of both the major parties, as well as every conceivable candidate for the presidential nomination, were, naturally, close observers of the Senate conflict, and, unless they know the background of the Bingham blunder, they may conclude that it is the part of political wisdom to soft-pedal the wet-dry issue once more. We understand this to be true of Mr. Hoover, although that is not surprising, and it also applies to Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most outstanding candidate on the Democratic side. The President, of course, has been evading or sidetracking the problem ever since he took office, and Mr. Roosevelt, for all his declaration in favor of repeal, is hopeful that it can be submerged so thoroughly that it will be forgotten. Both men maintain that economic issues will dominate the election, and thus the wets' hope that the depression may sharpen the public's desire for a change may be doomed. Our great men, once again, it appears, are going to sidestep.

The President, we hear, means to keep out of the prohibition controversy from beginning to end of the campaign. He will permit the convention to decide whether it wants a repeal or revision plank without interfering, although, as we have frequently noted, he has permitted the drys to retain control of the party machinery. What the President intends, therefore, is to let the wets howl at Chicago, and permit the drys to dictate the sort of prohibition platform, if any, upon which he will run. Under such circumstances the party whose attorney general tried to dicker for a small sentence on behalf of Al Capone will content itself with a ringing eulogy of enforcement and obedience of all laws. At the present moment, in so far as we get it from the platform-makers, the only concession the wets will get is a faint acknowledgment of the right of minorities to pray for a change in the laws.

DESPITE their attempts to cajole or frighten the Democrats, and their intimation that they might support that party if its nominee and platform are "right," the professional prohibitionists will be satisfied with the Hoover policy of silence and sidestepping. It may not be generally realized, but all the Democratic candidates worth any consideration are wet or fall into the category known as sensible drys. Two men who pose as drys are personally wet, and would like to vote as they drink. The five drys—Senator Hull, Gov. George White of Ohio, Speaker John N. Garner of Texas, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma and ex-Gov. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, are by no means fanatical in their attitude toward this question. All the rest—Roosevelt, Smith, Newton D. Baker, James M. Cox, Owen D. Young, Senator Lewis, Senator Robert J. Bulkley of Ohio, Governor Ritchie—are wets of one degree or another, and it is, without doubt, from this list that the nominee will be chosen. So maybe Mr. Bingham knew what he was doing when he insisted on a vote that would not reveal the true strength of the wet cause in the Senate. Maybe the Senator was taking this means of letting the drys know that a Republican Senate still swears allegiance to the "noble experiment."

A. F. C.

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Super-Salesman of Patriotism

A Portrait of Sol Bloom, Promoter of Washington's Bicentennial

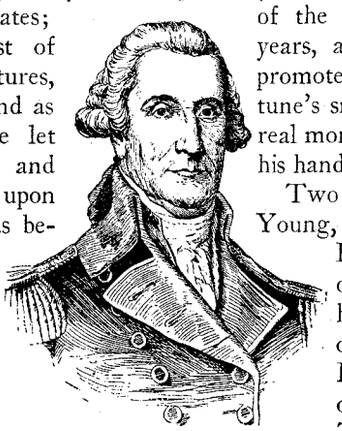
By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

IN COSMOPOLITAN San Francisco, in the late seventies, where any epicure could get a table d'hôte dinner for fifty cents, a small boy stood disconsolate among thousands of other children. Ulysses S. Grant, hero of Vicksburg and of Appomattox, and eighteenth President of the United States, was coming into Frisco on his way around the world. School children by the thousands lined the streets, each with a bouquet of flowers to throw at Grant as his carriage rolled along in triumph. The boy's parents, Polish Jews only a few years in America, were too poor to buy him the flowers which other children had. He thought that he alone would be without a floral tribute; but the youngster was resourceful and before the procession reached him he had a meager garland—'twere ungracious to ask how it was obtained. Dejection gave way to happiness, as he too threw his humble offering at Grant, and as his cheers joined those of the crowd.

To Sol Bloom, associate director of the George Washington Bicentennial Commission, showman, theater owner, promoter, real estate dealer, millionaire and Congressman, no lucky stroke of his later career has brought a thrill greater than that which he felt, at seven years of age, when he heaved his bouquet at Grant the Conqueror. As he tells 120,000,000 Americans how to celebrate the two-hundredth birthday of George Washington, it is another American President who is his hero today.

The melting pot has few stories to match that of Sol Bloom, Tammany Democrat and Polish Jew, who, as the Commission's working head, has tackled the greatest job of salesmanship in his half century as a promoter—that of super-salesman for George Washington. To no member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, to no Boston Brahmin, to no Virginian aristocrat, to the occupant of no history chair at Harvard, Yale or Princeton, to no Son of the American Revolution or husband of a Militant Daughter, but to a man of an alien race, born in poverty and without any formal schooling, has come, by a strange turn of fate, the active directorship of the greatest patriotic show ever put on, either here or abroad, in its dimensions, if not in its spirit.

If any one challenges the superlative let him repair to the offices of the Commission, overlooking the White House. Let him watch the 125 men and women at work under Bloom's direction; let him count the millions of publications distributed to every corner of the country; let him cast his eye over the tens of thousands of committees, formed in every state, and practically every community in the United States; let him look at the list of pageants, addresses and lectures, almost without number, and as proof even more positive let him watch the thousand and one business activities upon which the Commission has bestowed its blessing, giving employment—on no less an authority than Bloom himself—to half a million Americans.



To understand the man and his methods some biographical introduction is essential. Born in poverty in Illinois, to parents who had only recently broken their Old World roots, he was taken to San Francisco in his infancy. Attacked and injured by a highwayman, his father could hardly earn enough to feed and clothe his family. California had proved no El Dorado; the family probably had as much to eat in Poland. Of formal education the boy had none; his only schooling consisted in what his mother, no mean Hebrew scholar in her way, could teach him in that small margin of the day not taken up by household cares.

At eight he became a breadwinner, contributing to the support of the family. As a moneymaker fortune early smiled on him. The boy soon proved that he had his share of the financial acumen of his race. A search of forty-eight hours landed him his first job, in a brush factory. Twelve hours each day he toiled. Part of the twelve hours he sandpapered the backs of brushes; part of the time he provided the footpower for one of the lathes that turned out the brushes, first with one leg and then the other. Standing at one end of the lathe, he pedalled with his right foot until the whole leg became numb and no longer responsive to his will. Then he limped to the other end of the lathe and pedalled away until that, too, became numb. It was a proud son who brought home to his mother that Saturday night his first week's wages, one dollar and a quarter.

The boy developed his memory to an amazing degree. The hands in the factory were paid on a piece-work basis. Young Bloom memorized the amounts paid for punching a given number of holes and for other operations. His boss found out one day that the lad's memory worked faster, and perhaps more dependably, than the written computations of the bookkeeper; after three years, aged eleven, Bloom was promoted to be bookkeeper. Fortune's smile was broadening, for real money was soon to come into his hands.

Two years later Mike de Young, publisher of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, heard of the youngster and gave him a job in the business office of his newspaper. Later he became treasurer of de Young's Alcazar Theater, at the princely salary of $3,500 a year. The showman was born then and there, and a showman he has been ever since. He became a producer of plays as well, and among those who took parts in his stock company was the mother of Maude Adams. The daughter, too, often was brought on the stage as an "extra girl."

In his seventeenth year, while still holding the $3,500 a year treasurership, he steered his bark into new waters. He became a commission merchant. With the money he saved he bought willow furniture and other merchandise from the East, and distributed it, at a handsome profit, to Frisco merchants. One business venture led to another; he was too restless to remain long in one line of activity. He boasts that he never tackled any business without making money out of it. At nineteen he was worth $50,000, a handsome sum for the times. At twenty-one he decided that it was time to see the world, and left California, intending to circle the globe.

A PROMOTION job soon shelved his travel itinerary. Mike de Young, with whom he was still associated, had his hand in the amusement features of the Chicago World's Fair. Things were at sixes and sevens. "Go to Chicago, Sol," de Young said, "and straighten out those temperamental fellows." The showman conquered the traveller; the world tour yielded to the World's Fair.

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His first night in Chicago Bloom called the concession seekers into conference. He sketched the plans he had in mind, and before the meeting broke up they had voted him a bonus of a thousand dollars for the plan that resulted in the construction of the famous Midway Plaisance. At twenty-one Bloom had proved himself a master showman.

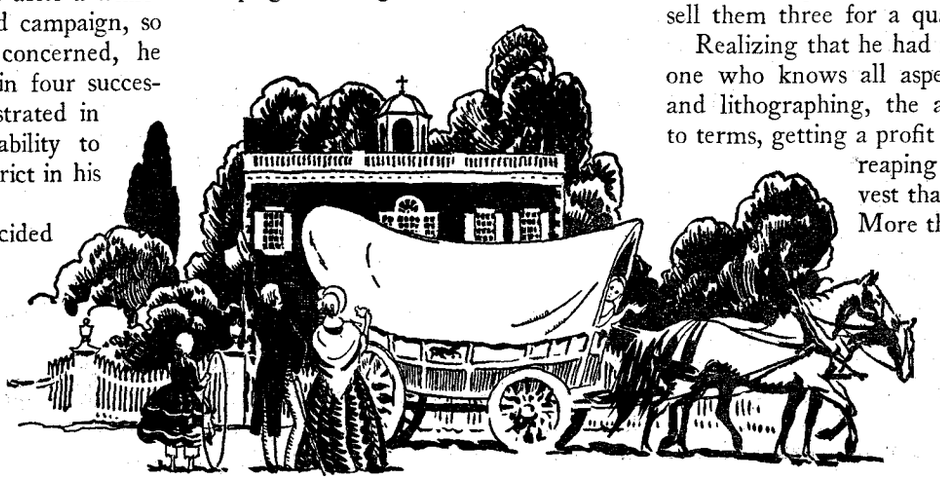
From 1891 to 1903 he pitched his tents in Chicago. He became a real estate operator, took a fling at the publishing business, and kept on making money. Successful though he was there, he could not resist the lure of New York and what appeared the greater opportunities of the metropolis. In 1903 he moved to Manhattan and staked out new gold diggings. He bought real estate, built apartment houses, introducing many innovations, and built and operated theaters. One of his theaters was the first ever built, it is said, without a peanut gallery. His temperament was as restless as that of Napoleon; when he had finished one project he would go after another idea, and would never rest satisfied until he had put it across. "Give me an idea," he will tell you, "and I will show you how to make it a go."

Bloom's home is in the Riverside Drive section of Manhattan; he is rather proud of the fact that he represents the wealthiest congressional district in America. Politics, however, is a comparatively new venture with him. It came about in this way. His business interests, his contacts with the stage, his financial power, had brought him readily enough into touch with Tammany Hall. Its sachems wanted to capture this district, the nineteenth New York, long a Republican stronghold. They asked Bloom to run as the Democratic candidate, and Bloom, who knew nothing about politics, and had at the time no views of his own on any of the political issues of the hour, expressed a willingness to take a gambler's chance. So the ex-showman threw his hat into the ring; and after a whirlwind and rather confused campaign, so far as the issues were concerned, he emerged a winner, and in four successive elections has demonstrated in convincing fashion his ability to keep this silk stocking district in his hand.

In 1924 Congress decided that the American people in 1932 ought to celebrate the two-hundredth birthday of the Father of His Country. A commission was appointed, made up of members of both houses, with eight presidential commissioners. The years rolled on and 1932 drew nearer; the commission was there, but it had neither an office nor plans. Pricked finally into action, the commission in 1930 appointed two men as associate directors, and told them to prepare plans for a nation-wide celebration. The associate directors were Lieut.-Col. Ulysses S. Grant and Sol Bloom. Because of other duties, Grant soon found it necessary to resign as associate director, and Bloom was left to run the show single-handed. He has been running it ever since. Except the general mandate to hold a celebration in 1932, Congress had given the commission no detailed chart of action. Bloom, therefore, has been free to carry out his own ideas. As he saw it, it was another problem of showmanship and salesmanship.

"WHAT WE must do," he told the commission in effect, "is to sell George Washington to the country. We must teach the biggest lesson in history ever given. We must create a demand for our product."

Bloom was not a scholar but he knew a good deal in an amateurish way about George Washington and American history. His conception of the celebration, in its simplest terms, was substantially this: "Bring George Washington to the people." Other celebrations, as for example the commemoration of the Yorktown surrender and the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown, had been held in one place, and the people had come to that spot in a spirit of patriotic reverence. Under the Bloom plan, George Washington was to be taken to the people, to every state, community and household. Plunging into the job with all the enthusiasm of his first business venture, Bloom gave up his annual vacations in Europe, stayed in Washington through the long recess of Congress, and put in 12 hours a day in a high-pressure campaign to organize celebrations all over the country. He is at once the dynamo providing the motive power, the showman and the salesman. Nor is this all; not only does he run the circus, but he stands at the teacher's desk to conduct the national George Washington lesson.



As a successful business man, he decided that Uncle Sam must at least break even after the books of the show have been balanced for the Government. He quickly saw a chance to make a handsome profit, through the sale of stamps, for Bloom knows human nature, in its acquisitive, as in its other aspects. Granted that public interest could be awakened in the celebration, he knew that stamp collectors and others would rush in by the thousands to buy these stamps. His calculations were sound. On the first day's sales alone Post Office officials estimate that the Government will make a profit of a million and a half dollars, more than enough to cover the total expenditures of the commission. On millions of these stamps the Government has had to furnish no service, for the collectors, after getting them postmarked, have put them back in their pockets.

Bloom approached other problems as a business man. The commission does not manufacture any article for sale; its literature is distributed gratis. It does, however, place the seal of its approval on the thousand and one articles that private manufacturers are producing as souvenirs of the Washington bicentennial—shrines, pictures, busts, etc. The man who has built theatres, hobnobbed with actors, drummers, contractors and what not, knew the "trade" and was quite ready to meet the sharpest customer.

"Mr. Bloom," one would-be concessionaire would say, "we will make this picture and sell it three for a dollar."

"Don't make me laugh," Bloom replies, with a lightning-like cost-of-production computation. "We will let you sell them three for a quarter."

Realizing that he had met his master, one who knows all aspects of printing and lithographing, the applicant comes to terms, getting a profit at that, but not reaping the golden harvest that he had hoped. More than one factory, it is said, has been saved from insolvency through the sudden demand for the

(Continued on Page 146*)*

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▸▸ Uncle Sam—Nomad ◂◂

The Twilight of the American Home

By
CHARLES MORROW WILSON

LET us consider the predicament of a young married couple who have been come upon by the altogether conventional homing instinct. Mary is the keynote and working point of the move. John, being only a man, likes the idea of a home, albeit he could manage in a one-room apartment, or even in a hall bedroom, for the rest of his life. But Mary has had the notion ever since she first began playing with dolls and now that she has a man she craves a home. John hears a lot about this craving, but John has his difficulties.

We shall be optimistic and say that John earns $200 a month but, economically speaking, all John does is sign the pay-roll. The apartment comes to fifty dollars a month; the roadster costs forty-five; groceries, insurance and club dues take another fifty; clothing, installment payments on the radio and furniture, a weekly movie and incidentals take the remainder.

What about the home? After six months of domestic repetitions John and Mary decide to buy a lot and then build on it. By scraping and turning in every imaginable way they believe they can save twenty dollars a month. They choose a suburban lot for $1,000 and begin paying it out. A year passes. Mary wants action and John goes to the banker to talk about financing a house. The banker agrees that ownership of a home is a basic American right and a splendid anchor for good citizenship.

Then they begin to talk business. Has John a lot? Yes. How much of it is paid for? Twelve times twenty is $240. Very good; in about three years the lot will be John's. What sort of a house? The banker listens, and estimates the cost between $5,000 and $6,000. Good enough. The banker urges that John first finish paying for the lot; then he should proceed with a savings account, and when this amounts to $2,500 the bank, since it believes in John, will be in position to lend the balance needed for building a house.

It sounds generous enough. John hurries home to tell the good news. Then Mary begins some arithmetic. At twenty dollars a month it will take about thirteen years to pay out the lot and save $2,500. Luck being with them, they might own their home in twelve more years, about the time they begin having grandchildren.

John, being human, is flabbergasted,

and Mary, being human and feminine, has a cry, so prolonged an overflow that John decides to straighten matters by trading the old roadster for a nice shiny new one and some installment notes. So ends the issue of home-building. Their chosen site goes the way of a vacant lot and their home becomes effectively lost in pipe dreams. This recitation of anecdote is interesting only in so far as it is typical, and I believe it is typical.

Now John is free to become a nomad whenever he desires. He is not tied to one spot. He can move his home at will, and he does.

STUDYING over the decade's building statistics we see a consistent increase in apartment houses and hotels and a notable decrease in private home-building, a trend which, although augmented no doubt by the depression, was clearly apparent even during the most prosperous of the twenties. Realty surveys of 310 American cities show that investments in home-building diminished from $210,000,000 in 1924 to $145,000,000 in 1928, while investments in apartment houses rose from $54,000,000 in 1921 to $178,000,000 in 1925 to $208,000,000 in 1928.

In reporting the recent total of contract awards in 37 states, Ernst & Ernst, accountants, give a significant estimate of moves in home-building during the past three years. Since 1929 the floor space in residential buildings has slumped from 567,000,000 square feet to 387,000,000 and the investments from $2,794,000,000 to $1,555,000,000. We find good evidence that the nation's volume of home finance enterprises has diminished fifty-three per cent during the past four years. Real estate values continue generally on the downgrade and what was a safe home loan five years ago is not necessarily safe now. The decade's total of approximately 7,000 bank failures has nipped thousands of planned ventures in home-owning domesticity.

Passing to the high finance of home-building, we might notice the report of the Real Estate Securities Committee of our Investment Bankers' Association, a painstaking summary which cites real estate securities as "one of the blackest spots in the financial outlook," and pleads for still broader margins of security in home-building finance. The committee estimated the current national total of building liabilities as $10,000,000,000, which it classifies as follows:

Class 1—$2,000,000,000 in loans of less than 75 per cent valuation, in good standing and with good record.

Class 2—$2,000,000,000 in loans with no evidence of trouble, but above 75 per cent of security value and therefore open to possible loss.

Class 3—$2,500,000,000 in loans in excess of 75 per cent of security value where foreclosure at a 10 to 25 per cent loss is possible.

Class 4—$3,000,000,000 in loans which were originally 80 to 100 per cent of securities and are now 125 to 150 per cent with probable loss of 25 to 60 per cent after foreclosure and sale.

Class 5—$500,000,000 in incomplete, ill-conceived and misplaced buildings with virtually inevitable losses of from 60 to 100 per cent.

The current nomadic leanings of the American public have sundry causes aside from the trials of home financing. Employment figures show that our travelling population has increased steadily since the war. Between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 itinerant laborers travel about to attend harvestings in our concentrated areas of cotton, fruit, truck and grain crops. We have a rapidly increasing roster of industries with temporary labor needs—highway building and paving, utilities construction, canning, mining, milling, glass-making and a score of others. Myriad thousands of newly ordained roadway wanderers are appearing in every section of the country—jobless laborers, teachers, traders, preachers and painters, out seeking for something to turn up, sons and daughters of wanderlust and unfenced destinies.

Increasing transience is hard on home establishment. Our nation continues to be one of horizon chasers. *Homo Americanus* stays at heart a frontiersman. The

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lament of tickers and the rumblings of high finance tend more and more to make him a man of many homes, a champion of migration and transition. As a people we retain a full quotient of youthful eagerness, which involves an unending urge for exploration and conquest, commercial as well as geographic, qualities which have taken a prime part in making a business nation.

Commercial firms in normal times are placing heavier and heavier quotients of their personnel upon the road; the number of itinerant commercial ambassadors is increasing. Temporary labor demands residential shifts. Business has come into a new era of horizon chasing and boundary breaking, a process which demands more salesmen and canvassers, more field executives, nomadic auditors, credit men, statisticians and advertisers who must take to the road all or a substantial part of their time in order to establish new realms of conquest.

HISTORY, we are told, has a way of repeating itself. It is entirely feasible to infer that nomadic peoples the world over have got that way from primary economic causes. Ancient England changed from a nation of self-sufficing farmer-warriors to one of roving shepherds and cattle herders when the Roman occupation gave rise to a demand for wool and beef. Persia and Egypt and rural Carthage turned nomad barterers with the rise of Mediterranean trade. In scores of instances securely placed residential peoples have turned nomadic as an immediate aftermath of military conquest, climatic change or shifting trade. Our own immediate domestic transition is motivated by a blending of elemental and powerful forces, first among them, perhaps, an increase in international commercial rivalry.

The situation gives rise to many contemporary paradoxes, among others the fact that our little businesses aspire to be big businesses, while big business is yielding to a long-fostered craving to divide itself into little businesses, into trade substations, chain stores, assembling plants, and local branches. Both processes require a notable increase in transience, which in natural course causes havoc with home owning.

It is rather hard to decide which process is more powerful. The first is easier to describe. Let us take the hypothetical instance of Karson's Krusty Bakery, as typical of the midget industries which would expand. The senior Karson, we shall say, came early into the village of Centerville and established a bakery, a modest shop which he managed for years with his own labor. His trade grew better until finally he came to serve the whole of the village and surrounding countryside with relative ease.

Then complications arose in the form of middle-age ambition. Recognizing the obvious fact that Centerville has a clearly defined maximum for bread and cake consumption, the proprietor reckons that increased trade territory would mean increased volume and increased profit. So Herr Karson responds to the normal American urge for expansion. He buys new and bigger equipment. He buys and rigs new trucks and sales cars and sets forth to canvass baking business in neighboring towns. Trade builds for a time and there arises the need of new help, truck drivers and salesmen and collectors, itinerant and expensive labor. Then competition gets into play. Bakers in neighboring towns resent the infringement upon their trade. They in turn are prone to expand equipment and send canvassers and delivery trucks into Centerville. Thus advertising boundaries crumble; old trade is lost and new trade is gained.

Baker Karson finds that he no longer holds a convenient local monopoly. He must work harder than ever to make a living, and he must spend a large part of his time away from home. Increased distribution makes itinerant labor out of workers who would otherwise be resident. The most immediate local result is that the home life of Centerville is materially diminished.

Or we might consider the plight of Thwadd & Thwadd, Inc., foundry operators, who decide to establish a dozen local plants to overcome in part the turmoil of distribution. To begin with, a good part of the executive force must set forth and wander far and long, choosing locations, estimating local markets, dickering for sites and laboring over initial detail. Then when building is begun a still larger portion of the force must go forth from their established routine and residence. Department heads and labor foremen, personnel workers, legal minions and sales managers must take to the road and help along with their particular specializations.

When finally the building is done and the sub-plants in operation, it is probable that some hundreds of the hired help of Thwadd & Thwadd will be undecided as to where they will make their homes, if anywhere. Headquarter supervision and advice is plainly necessary. Now the best half of the force are being wafted hither and thither in Thwadd's far-flung battle-line of business. Accordingly, the maintenance of a permanent residence comes to be a luxury out of keeping, even with an altogether reasonable pay check.

BUT WE would not paint too bleak a picture of the twilight of the American home. When one limits the connotation of "home" to the typical residential domesticity which held during our own mediary generation, he very probably concedes that this beginning era of nomadry has its advantages. For one thing, it is bringing an obvious trend toward greater social spontaneity and toward our long coveted boast of democracy. A quick comradeship of circumstance may arise from a mutual bogging in a detour road.

"Firm-sot" residence has ceased to be a social requisite. A travelling man or a journeyman tradesman is no longer looked upon as a dubious character simply because of itinerancy.

The new commercial exodus is giving our people a new strength and, we believe, a new charm. The inevitable fellowship of the road offers a first-rate remedy for isolation and timidity, two of the base ingredients of snobbery.

"Home" has definitely lost its connotation of an oasis for self-complacency and a plump bank account. The newly ordained commercial nomad may find in the term a new treasury of significance, a new halo of charm. Distance builds new enchantment, just as continued proximity is all too prone to satiate with boredom. Just as newlyweds come to learn that much of the real delight of home lies in subjective anticipation, so it may be that our increasing millions of commercial nomads may acquire the true wanderer's delight in anticipation of home, a delight unmolested by sundry realities of domesticity, such as leaky water pipes, falling plaster and second mortgages, and the almost unavoidable stodginess of long-continued residence.

What is the future of the American home, or the want of home? To this we would make the very convenient answer: It depends on business.

Domesticity, at least in the guise of matrimony, is being fervently and consistently challenged, not only by vast legions of our younger generation, but by staid conclaves of legislators who would make divorce an easy business.

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▶▶ Are Our Industrial Overlords Guilty? ◀◀

By J. BAYARD CLARK

THROUGH the ingenuity of man an increasingly marvelous productive machinery has been brought to an hitherto unknown perfection, and in the manner of its application it has changed all previous conceptions of material wealth. When we glance at the distribution of these immense material blessings it seems as if they had fallen into oddly uneven heaps; and in the process knocked over and laid low many of our most cherished social and human values. This, indeed, does not seem to need more than the most casual observation.

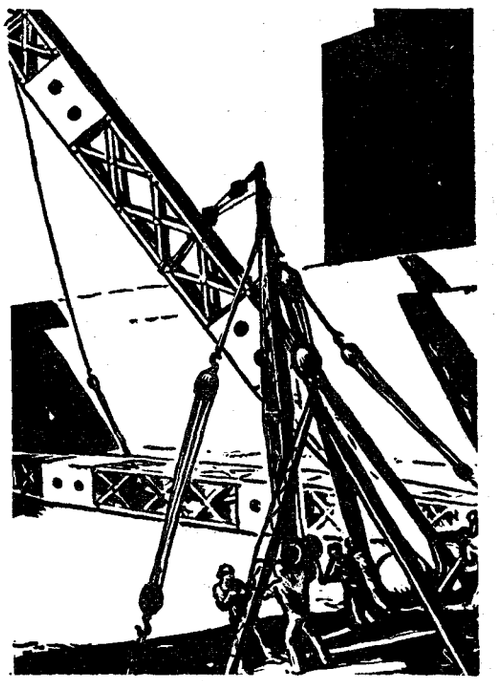
On the purely material side a strange climax appears to have been reached. Our savings banks are full of gold, and our storehouses full of grain, while millions out of jobs are facing hunger and perhaps starvation. Here is a sight that at last causes the simplest of us to look with some anxiety and curiosity at the processes that have brought about this paradoxical state. Is it mere chance that has been at work or can it be something different?

The official income tax returns obviate guesswork regarding the striking disproportion of rewards in the race for riches. It is evident that a few are very fleet and very conscious of the running. It is equally evident that the great majority are not of a racing family at all, as regards riches, or are indifferent, or incapable, or do not even know that a race is on, for some ninety-six or ninety-seven per cent have not incomes large enough to be taxable at all, to say nothing of the vast numbers who have scarcely enough income for a hand-to-mouth existence. Between three and four per cent hold all the prizes—gargantuan annual incomes, some three hundred of them.

We shall not dwell quite yet upon the real or fancied satisfactions these victorious ones derive as a result of their swiftness, as some of the by-products of the race are the next essential part of the picture we are rapidly sketching. We should first know something of those who fall by the wayside in their endeavor to keep up the pace that is being set for them, before we form any judgment as to who is responsible.

We see by the vital statistics that the exigencies of the race have introduced new records of physical, mental and moral breakdown. For the past twenty-five years, or since the development of our really great mechanical productivity, we find that every year we have more deaths from heart and arterial diseases as well as more deaths from cancerous growths; that every year for every thousand persons there are more crimes, more suicides, more divorces and more murders. What is far more ominous than all the rest is the steady upward march of our insane.

Some spokesmen have been telling us that these things are merely a lack of proper adjustment to modern industrial and business methods. One would not like to say that this is not so, but the adjustment appears to be leading a good many of us rapidly in the opposite direction from health and happiness, which are human considerations, too. However we wish to look at this matter, and aside from the indescribable suffering entailed in our recent industrial progress, the bills for all of it are footed almost entirely by those of the negligible incomes—the ninety-six or ninety-seven per cent—very largely in their rent and tax bills. Now that so many are out of employment entirely, an altogether new factor makes us all the more anxious to find the true answer to our question, and to avoid an unjust decision.



THERE can be little question that one of the most important items of our general taxation has been waste—waste for profit. Here is a large subject that we can do very little more than touch upon in a short paper. It was, however, primarily the waste—the huge wanton waste—that made the costs of our living so high; and it is in this waste that the enormous profits of the few largely lie. Note the waste in the unsubstantial character of the products of speeded-up mass production which find their way so readily to the scrapheap and have to be so soon replaced by new purchases. Observe the great piles of rusting and disintegrating automobiles, the prematurely senescent furniture and every description of household "goods" to learn the story of the rapid industrial turnover found necessary to please our industrial overlords. This is the kind of waste that not only saps the vital energy of man in his efforts of replacement, but saps the infinitely more precious store of Mother Earth's resources. One is tempted to add that this is the kind of waste that robs the storehouse of human character of some of its most precious possessions.

In a mad rush after specie wealth it would seem as if not only irreparable violence had been done to health and happiness but that the coinage of thought had been actually tampered with. Take, for example, the term "economy" or "economic." This old and valuable word has been falsified; it no longer connotes its original meaning, which was careful expenditure or saving. Today the "economic necessity" implies a speeding up at all costs of the industrial machinery. It means waste, not conservation, not thrift in the older sense. The "economic necessity" simply means an unrestrained eagerness for personal profits.

Again, enlarged business has affixed to itself the title of "public service," but it is a service out of which the public gets only what it pays for, with profits added. For industrialism thus to pose as a benevolent society puts the final delicate touch to the phraseology of propaganda. Indeed, with such contortions of meaning as have been applied to terms like "prosperity," "economic necessity" and "public service" there is hardly any wonder that the younger generation so often do not understand right from wrong, or that our police are so frequently found in partnership with outlaws. One could scarcely expect that it would be otherwise.

Fortunately the inner meaning of these recent methods of salesmanship is beginning to be understood.

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Yesterday Capital and Labor were considered as partners in business, with, naturally, those of the middle class of moderate means, but reliable methods, as their chief customers. The partnership, however, seems to have been a rather shady one, and just now at least neither in the clubs nor when passing by the breadlines does one hear much talk of this former association.

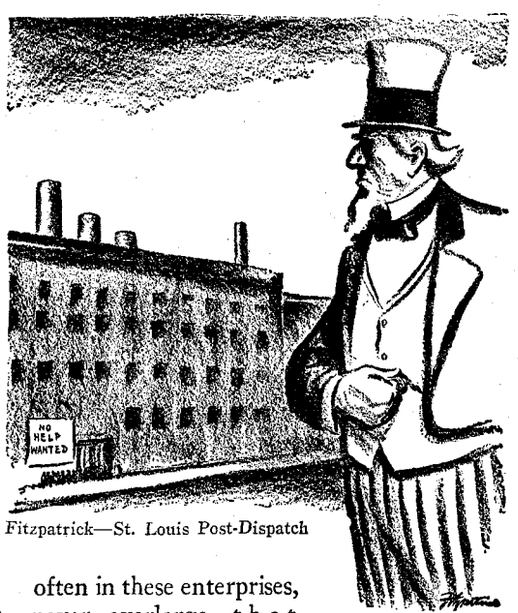
WHILE looking over the evidence in the case, the subject of the "installment plan" presents itself for consideration. Has this device the best of influence upon the laboring classes who are enticed into indebtedness for all sorts of perishable household things, for automobiles, radios and stuffed sofas, while their real needs and matters of solid welfare and advancement are thereby discouraged? This, of course, is more or less an academic question, but the results of putting humble souls under this hazardous obligation of future payments have not worked to their advantage when in need of medical attention or when laid off the job. The scheme can hardly be looked upon as one of the foundation stones of a genuine prosperity, any more than one of the mainstays in character formation.

Thus is the popular mind poised in mid-air with this question on the lips —are our industrial overlords guilty?

In a brief article one can of course only touch the peaks. It is, however, sufficient to indicate the multiplicity of evidence. Where does this responsibility rest for the increase of preventable sickness, crime and insanity; for the millions out of employment, for the punctured investments of the people and for the universal decline of confidence? Are our industrial overlords guilty? When we merely review the promontories it looks very much as if they were.

From time out of mind there seems to have been an inherent something in human nature which is forever inclining us to throw the blame on someone, or something else. We are all prone to tackle problems of reform with ourselves neatly excluded from fault; we have a tendency to criticize others without carefully analyzing the reasons which may underlie their deflections. Today everyone is throwing up his hands in protest and blaming someone else for his hardships and difficulty in raising himself above a fancied mediocre level, as though one's worth were measured entirely by one's wherewithal. At present there are many who are brimming over with indignation—or is it envy—at the few individuals who have accumulated those extraordinary dollar-fortunes that return them annual incomes of a million or more. It seems hard for us not to speculate and gossip about the methods these money-rich have employed in gathering in so much more than any one individual could possibly need or spend.

Large fortunes are, of course, built up in a great variety of ways. Some drop already built out of the sky of inheritance. Others, as we all know, are slow accumulations that are quite incidental in the course of some essential or high-minded enterprise. The socially minded and fine people who have built up these fortunes are very little influenced in their daily lives by these possessions that have but a secondary value to their real purpose in life. One finds very often in these enterprises, never overlarge, that the interests of those who are employed are quite as important as the profits. The employes are not hired by the hour or by the day, or by the week; they come in on a permanent basis, and the surplus of fat years serves to carry those employed through the lean years. Those who keep faith with those who work *with* them in this manner and, as everyone can see, are working to accomplish something quite other than just money-making are scarcely the ones whom we are discussing here.



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

When, however, we turn from these at present rather exceptional individuals, we bump almost directly into the other kind: Those whose primary aim is money alone. The very things they deal in often smell of their purpose. Unhappily we do not have to go far afield these days to find examples of this group, and, unlike the poets, they are made, not born.

Admittedly it is the kind of power that money gives that constitutes the strongest urge toward its acquisition, but we must appreciate that it is after all only a secondary power, like dynamite, if you choose, that lies outside the individual; that it is not at all his own intrinsic force or ability that he calls into the occasion. It is never the spiritual force of the great personality.

This circumstance of money, beyond what we need, or may want to spend, is a very important one to carry in mind because, when this is more broadly appreciated, the merit that now goes with large accumulations of it will naturally take on a somewhat different coloring. When men can again rejoice in the power that lies within them, they will no longer praise or envy those who hurry after the less valorous means of external assistance. It is the gradual appreciation of these things that gives some encouragement to the future course of our social life, and the greatest guarantee of freedom from such social ills as are our present portion.

After this short excursion into the psychology of wealth, let us ask again—are our industrial overlords guilty?—and another very pertinent question at once piles itself up upon the former query. How can we pin the guilt of our obvious social disorder on those who are patently wanting in a social sense? The idea immediately begins to look rather foolish. Can we hold those responsible who are really not responsible? Even the courts are learning to ask such questions. And a new and altogether higher form of justice is growing out of this discrimination. Many who were formerly looked upon as criminals are now recognized as victims of some definite deficiency or youthful aberration and dealt with according to a more modern and far more human conception of justice.

When we know how it is with the members of this small class of acquisitors who forever claim that money must always be the great incentive to great deeds, it seems very much like folly to blame them for our own misfortunes and designate them as the guilty. It is even worse folly to blame them for what are clearly our own shortcomings. If through a lack of vigilance society has fallen under the dominion of a small profit-seeking group, as it most certainly seems to have done, the correction of the difficulty is hardly to be looked for from those who have assumed this control.

In the days of Sulla and Caesar slavery provided the easy means of dominating society that machinery provides in

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these days. There have been two great profit-gathering periods in the history of civilization—ancient Rome and modern America. If America is not to slip over the same brink and fall to pieces at the bottom as did the older culture she must needs bestir herself and shake off the lethargic conception of a modern "grandeur" into which she has been subtly drugged by means of mechanical playthings and the promises of more and more self-indulgence.

Unctuous as the idea of an ever increasing whirl of pleasure may be, it is not to be forgotten that the fiddler is always waiting by the door for his fee. At present the itemized bill shows an increasing number of crimes, cancers, and other chronic ills; unemployment, divorces, insanity, salaries for one of ten-million-dollar-a-year salesmen, and the arrears on natural resources.

At present the account is being handed, as usual, to the middle class for settlement, labor being on its back and capital being on its guard. The outstanding indebtedness will, of course, have to be met. The question, however, very naturally comes up—do we wish to continue doing business under the present arrangements or would it not be better to cut down on the purchase of some of the luxury items such as insanity and salesmanship?

This question is squarely up to the middle-class members of society to decide. They are the customers of big business and his erstwhile side partner, labor, who own and operate the machinery that turns out the "make-life-easier" production. Perhaps the middle class is not quite sure of its ability to make any changes for the better. Then let it become aware of its assets! To begin with, it predominates in numbers; and this is never a bad thing if the heart is sincerely set on some good purpose. At present there is a popular and growing sense of dissatisfaction with the somewhat nebulous factors that are squeezing the public into smaller and smaller quarters and charging it more and more for the undesirable privilege. This dissatisfaction with such an obvious evil is a most excellent asset, and it is steadily gaining ground without the least assistance. It is ripening into a force which will soon need only direction.

The middle class embodies the professions and all those of intellectual pursuits. Their disgruntlement in no way lessens their value as an asset. It is likewise in this segment of society that there is a growing recognition and appraisal of such items as the mounting costs to society of criminals, insane people, cast-off employes, moral derelicts and all the rest that goes with a system built solely on self-advancement.

It is a very significant thing when business leaders pursue so openly and so eagerly a policy that obviously determines the moral and physical disintegration of a society; it clears up at once any doubts as to the diagnosis in their case as well as indicating their lack of capacity in true leadership.

The general appreciation of this, when it comes, will, of course, be a decisive asset. And all signs point to the fact that the public is becoming increasingly sensible of its misguidance.

ONE NEED not doubt the presence of such assets in the middle class as capable and courageous leaders whose intelligence can be depended upon. The way is rapidly being made ready for their emergence. Courage and faith in itself is the one thing most needed in the middle class at the present moment.

To go into the details of just how the objectionable features of this lopsided age are to be eliminated is beyond the scope of this paper. This much can be said, however, if there is to be any reclamation of human values in this country it will have to be a middle-class job—it will have to be the job of neither those who are perverted by the profit lust at one end of the scale or those who are willing to be bound up by wages, and then easily cast into the discard, at the other end.

The immediate objective of such a concerted action would be to win a reasonable level of living costs. Probably never in the history of civilization could housing, clothes and food, the three essentials, be assembled at so little effort and expense as at the present time by the intelligent and temperate use of machinery. By cutting out all waste everywhere and foolish spending everywhere a very good living for everyone could be enjoyed by the aid of substantial mechanical devices with less expense of energy and therefore less expense of money than ever before. If this is not so we had better throw our machinery away at once, as man's worst invention.

Once this essential standard of a low living cost is established the matter of mechanical playthings can easily be adjusted and indulged in according to individual taste and income; everyone should not have to be paying for these things whether they use them or not. The great need now is to put the necessities of living on a sane and reasonable basis for the great bulk of the population, the ninety-five per cent that is now feeling the pinch of its own short-sightedness, and in which percentage you and I may be included.

What is needed is quality in place of quantity. Let us have one durable object instead of seventeen perishable ones. Let the competition be to provide that which will last rather than that which falls to pieces. Genuine goods would attend to most of the salesmanship found necessary just now to move the present kind of product. Instead of a bogus prosperity let us have a steady progress and some worthy objectives in life—there are plenty of them—and in addition a little opportunity to savor life as it rapidly enough slips by.

This is the task of intelligence, and it awaits the will of those who apparently have the intelligence, the middle class. Such a movement represents nothing very complex or difficult when compared with the present ridiculous turmoil arising from an entire population harnessed up to help industry at her command spin her wheels at top speed, to give three hundred individuals an income of a million dollars or more a year, and filling our insane asylums in the process. Let us no longer be enticed into slavery by bits of red cloth and colored beads.

After all, there is nothing very new in pursuing a sensible and joyous plan of living. European people for many centuries, and until quite recently, always established the home and its appurtenances, as well as the pleasures of life, on the basis of durability. Once such a home and its furnishings were assembled, that particular matter of expense was written off for generations. The acquisition of necessary food and clothing occupied but comparatively little time; leisure there was in plenty to follow cultural bents and the real adventures of life. The only fly in that ointment, however, was almost always some rapacious monarch or other with a bevy of followers who had to be supported in wasteful idleness; and taxes to that end were fixed accordingly. Today, we do not have to support a government

(Continued on Page 158)

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Super-Salesman of Patriotism

(Continued from Page 140)

manufacture of souvenirs of George Washington. The commission gives its approval to the design, and fixes the price; beyond that, the producer is free to proceed as he pleases.

Bloom's ideas have come thick and fast. "I have a standing reward of $500 for any one to give me an idea about George Washington which we are not already using in some form or other," he boasts. Into his office file an unending procession of heads of departments, minor employes, concession hunters, job-seekers and those who have knocked at the door merely to see what it is all about. He is proud of the open door, he eschews the inner sanctum, inaccessible to the outsider, favored by so many high-powered executives.

A glance at him as he works will indicate as well as anything else the scope of the celebration. One minute he will dictate a letter suggesting that Charlestown, West Virginia, put on a special celebration because that city was founded by Charles, a brother of George Washington. He rings up his friend, George M. Cohan, on the long distance 'phone, and gets him to promise a special bicentennial song, now published, "Father of the Land We Love." He sketches in a brief half hour the plan of the ceremonies to start the celebration on February 21—a radio address by President Hoover, a gigantic chorus in the capital singing "America," a broadcast by the Marine Band (which he reminds us was a fife and drum corps in Washington's day), the broadcast to go by radio to Americans the world over. He signs a contract for the manufacture of replicas of the Nollekens bust of Washington, and then arranges for radio speeches on Washington in every large city. Surveying next the national field, he picks out a list of men and women as headline speakers for the key celebrations. He arranges with the Society of Landscape Architects for an authoritative booklet on Colonial gardens, and then outlines to the next visitor his plan to place a picture of George Washington in every schoolroom in the country, "and I mean every room," he emphasizes. And so on.

A celebration in every community in the United States is the big objective. Every state now has its own commission, working independently, but along the general lines laid down by the national commission. Associates of Bloom will tell you that before the observances end on Thanksgiving Day at least ninety per cent of the inhabitants of the United States will have participated in or seen a bicentennial celebration of one kind or another—either in schoolroom, church, club, lodge or patriotic society.

Early in the day Bloom conceived the idea of using the Postoffice Department to assist him in carrying the celebration to every American community. By request of the commission, Walter F. Brown, Postmaster-General, asked every postmaster in the United States for complete information on his respective community: The names of its schools and their teachers, churches and pastors, patriotic, civic, commercial and other organizations, together with a list of "leading citizens."

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of February 6, 1952

"As soon as the public knew of my projected skyscraper theatre building, which I hoped would be an ornament to my home town," said Joseph D. Moneypacker, Jr., of Centreburg, Iowa, on the eve of his departure for a two-year cruise in the Orient, "I was attacked first by the Centreburg Architectural Society because I had engaged an architect from Birdville, Iowa; second, by the Iowa Chamber of Commerce because I planned to use Indiana limestone in the building; and third, by the Patriotic Sons of the Stars and Stripes because I intended to engage a European mural painter to decorate the lobby of the theatre. I have decided to abandon the entire project."

BLOOM has used the data thus obtained to form local committees in practically every community in the country. With the data furnished by Uncle Sam's postmasters, Bloom has prepared a card catalogue, which has now become one of the Commission's most valued assets. If there is a postoffice in it, Bloom can tell in two minutes more about that particular town than the census bureau or the local congressman. No wonder that a Republican congressman whispered to the writer, a bit apprehensively: "I wonder whether the Democrats or the Republicans will get Sol Bloom's card catalogue after the celebration is over!"

By way of statistical diversion we find that the commission is in actual contact with 990,000 organized groups of people, with a total membership of 155,000,000, or 25,000,000 more than the population of the United States. The excess, of course, is due to duplicate membership. These organizations include 232,000 churches, 190,000 fraternal, patriotic and civic organizations, 365,000 schools, 91,000 rural organizations, 46,000 Boy and Girl Scout posts, and some 65,000 miscellaneous organizations. Bloom has contacted the leading citizens in every village and town, recruiting most of his local commissions through his card catalogue. He tells each local committee how it can best celebrate the Bicentennial. If desired, he lays before them a complete form of celebration; if, again, the local commission wants a special pageant, Bloom's pageant expert will write it for them.

Showman and promoter for half a century, Bloom knew the value of publicity long before he carried Tammany's colors into Congress. When he became active head of the commission, one of his first acts was to select a trained staff of publicity experts, most of them former newspaper men. He laid upon them but one injunction: "We want everything put out by the Commission on Washington to be historially accurate. So be careful." The publicity men have turned out thousands of special articles, human interest stories, and features by the wholesale, for distribution to every paper in the country. Historical facts are all authenticated by the commission's historian, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, formerly of Harvard, and his assistants.

Bloom has run up against some opposition as he has developed his gigantic plan to sell George Washington to the country, and to create a popular interest in the Bicentennial. Because he is a Tammany Democrat and a Jew, some of the orthodox brethren, who feel perhaps that Bloom is out of his place as the super-salesman for Washington, have evidenced a disposition to challenge and berate him for his methods. On the floor of the House he was recently bitterly attacked for "commercializing" the celebration, his critics taking particular exception to the sale of Washington souvenirs by private concerns with the approval of the commission. Bloom was a bit hurt, but he stood his ground. In fact, he emerged a victor in the tilt with at least one congressional colleague. When James M. Beck, authority on the Constitution, taunted him with commercializing the celebration, Bloom quickly replied that what he was doing in Pennsylvania was in response to the demand of the people of Beck's own state. As proof, he cited the fact that the Keystone state had 2,306 local committees, that

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The Impresario Triumphant

By MERLE ARMITAGE

Two very contradictory and seemingly irreconcilable facts seem to confront the person whose curiosity leads him to inquire into the reactions which the United States has to the arts. He first makes the discovery that an overwhelming majority of Americans have an æsthetic blind spot or are without capacity for the enjoyment of truly artistic things beyond the most banal and obvious. A silly sunset, an El Greco in the Metropolitan Museum or a Debussy tone poem all come under the general heading of one maddeningly common adjective, *pretty*.

Possibly this dullness is an inheritance from a generation which considered anything having to do with music, the dance or the artist's studio as devices of the devil. Certainly the idea that men who were interested in anything of an artistic or æsthetic nature were looked upon with suspicion has been current for years; the idea leading to the conclusion that music, painting, etc., were parlor accomplishments for young ladies. A great many young men who may have had a flair for some fine art have been sidetracked by so-called hundred per cent American fathers, who laughed the idea to scorn as an effeminate occupation unfit for any man, particularly a son.

Undoubtedly an unknown number of men have missed some of the finest contacts possible to make in this life by this vicious doctrine. In this manner only can I account for the feebleness of our creative artists, generally speaking. Our best minds and our best blood have been directed into other channels. Where are our composers, for instance, who can compare with our engineers and so on down the line of professions and occupations?

Contrasted sharply with this almost universal state of mind is the worship of spectacular artists, the presence in America of more first-class symphony orchestras than in all of Europe, the colossal fees which successful and popular musicians receive in these United States and the amounts paid for paintings by old European masters, to name a few of our enthusiasms. No situation could be more bizarre and none is so puzzling to both the enlightened American and European mind.

Barnum was one of the first men to evaluate the American gullibility. He counted upon it with as much certainty as a captain of a sailing vessel counts upon the winds, and during his career he was seldom disappointed.

Upon such crude, inefficient, wasteful and ignorant principles as were laid down by Barnum has been built the whole and entire structure of the present day gigantic business of promoting and selling art to the free and independent American citizen. Polished to a point where they would not be recognized by Barnum himself, adroit, soft and insidious, these methods are nevertheless just as certain in their results as they were in Barnum's time—and more profitable.

Take, as an almost perfect example, the success of the dealers in masterpieces. By a clever system of politely insulting clients, of aloofness, of precociousness, of ultra-exclusiveness, and of taking advantage of the inferiority complexes of the no longer rare *avis*, the American millionaire, he has sold by the dozen paintings of the Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn and other English schools, paintings whose real æsthetic qualities are open to question, for sums which in other times would provide a shrewd collector with a complete and handsome group of old masters. The result is that some of the greatest masterpieces of European painting of other centuries now permanently reside in public and private American collections. Furthermore, the dealer has made the average rich collector masterpiece-conscious and a slave to the authentication artists. No American wants anything in his collection but masterpieces. A fine painting of a certain school, in good condition, has little interest for the checkbook collector for the reason that a signature is missing, or that its pedigree is somewhat vague.

It is very doubtful if one collector in one hundred will back his own judgment about any work of art. This has led to one of the most vicious practices which has grown up, with other weeds, in the American art buying scene. I refer to the activities of the expert who, for a price, will provide impressive and learned authentications to accompany paintings of all kinds and of all schools. Some of our most respected authorities, directors of museums and institutions have come under suspicion and there is the widest variance in the positive views of these infallible professors. Many of them are undoubtedly working hand in hand with dealers and taking a split of the ample profits. The success of the method, generally speaking, has been complete. There have been some startling sums paid for pictures in the last few years by American purchasers.

And how has the modern school fared? Except to a few perspicacious persons, modern art means French art. There is a great deal of justification for this attitude, as we have produced but a handful of painters in this country who compare more than favorably with a number of the lesser Frenchmen as creative artists, but who are on no such financial footing in their own country as are the imported men.

Again are we confronted with the astute impresario of art, that shrewd fellow who knows us as do few individuals. Dealers in modern art are, as a rule, more sympathetic and more intelligent than their brothers, the dealers in old masters. Time has settled the position of the painters of other generations. The dealer is handling a known quantity. But the dealer in the works of contemporary men is taking a chance and he is adventurous. Let us see how this system works.

Back in 1913 America, or at least New York, got its first good look, at the famous Armory show, at the modern paintings it had been hearing vaguely about. There could be no straddling of the fence. Either these things were an affront to the intelligence or they were epoch-making masterpieces, and both sides had ardent champions. The momentum was never allowed to die. Dealers in the works of Picasso, Matisse, Cezanne, Renoir and the entire group have prospered and now these painters are accepted as masters of the most vital period of art development in a hundred years. But only a few dealers had access to the Cezannes and the Matisses. Therefore, others were forced into the

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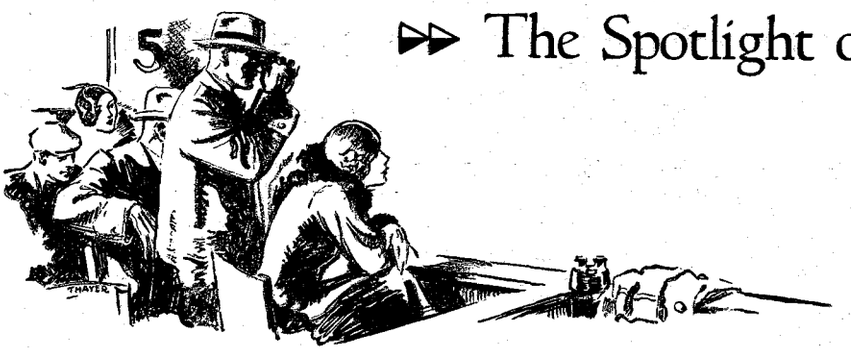
The Spotlight on Sports



Wanted—Ice and Snow

WHAT, NO ICE? The question thundered ominously by the lord of ye manor when friend wife has forgotten to fill the refrigerator cube tray on the very night the brother Elks chance to drop in is being echoed, as I write these lines, from Lake Placid, N. Y., where America is playing host in the third winter Olympiad.

The warmest winter the Atlantic seaboard has known since the weather department started keeping records brought a late January thaw in the Adirondacks—an unprecedented phenomenon. To find anything approximating this untimely mildness one must go back to 1735—"the snowless winter" mentioned in several Colonial diaries.

The elimination trials for the places on the American ski, skating and bobsled teams had to be called off because Lake Placid's normal quota of ice and hard crusted snow had turned to slush. Our representatives in these events were chosen on past performances. Foreign competitors were handicapped in their practice workouts. The frost-hardened Scandinavians marvelled at patches of greenish grass along the ski-trail and bob run.

Spring played a snide trick on the citizens of Lake Placid and the Olympic Committee when she climbed so brazenly into old man Winter's lap. The local residents and visiting patrons of that charming little town, which snuggles in the shadow of White Face, have contributed heavily to the Olympic war chest. The bob run cost around $300,000. The total investment including covered ice arena, hockey rink, ski jump and various race courses approximates a million dollars.

Those who put up the money were sure that the publicity accruing from the Jack Frost Olympiad would help boost Lake Placid as an American St. Moritz. Unhappily, the reporters have thus far only featured "the big thaw."

Lake Placid's plight reminds me of the embarrassing predicament in which Bear Mountain (near West Point on Hudson) found itself some years ago when only one ingredient needed to make a winter carnival complete was lacking—it had neglected to snow! Yankee enterprise quickly supplied this deficiency. A train of freight cars—loaded to the gunwales with nice, clean snow—arrived from Quebec in the nick of time. That emergency measure wouldn't work this winter, with lower Canada boasting a Palm Beach climate.

Bob Run

UNQUESTIONABLY the two most thrilling events on the winter Olympic program—from the standpoint of competitor and spectator—are the bobsleigh races and the ski-jumping contest. America, incongruously enough, has a fine chance to win the Olympic bobsled titles. I say "incongruously" because the sport was virtually unknown in the United States until last winter when the Mt. Van Hoevenberg slide was opened. It is the only bobsled course on the North American continent.

Nevertheless American citizens wintering in Switzerland organized a bobsled team four years ago and won the Olympic championship at St. Moritz from the pick of the Swiss and German pilots. This surprising victory stirred American interest in the most ecstatic of all speed sensations and, now that Lake Placid has a championship bobsled run, thrill hunters need not make the long journey to Switzerland.

The tricky nature of the terrifying Mt. Van Hoevenberg run, with its twenty-six dipping turns banked precipitously and contoured scientifically, was described some months ago for OUTLOOK readers by Oscar Geier of the Swiss team. The average down grade is ten per cent—a dizzy drop for a course measuring a mile and a half. Twenty thousand gallons of water are poured on the slide each morning to insure an ice-packed track six feet wide on the straightaways and twenty feet broad on the curves.

The winner will average close to fifty miles an hour and hit seventy at the finish line after negotiating the breath-taking S-turn known as "Zigzag." Four-place bobsleds weigh 485 pounds, without the crew, measure eleven and a half feet, and cost about $500. Quite an expensive, not to say dangerous, toy for father to play with!

Austria, Germany, Canada, Italy, England, Switzerland, France, Rumania and the United States will be represented in the bobsled races. Each nation is allowed two entries. The contest will be run off in heats, the best average time of a crew for all heats deciding the winner. And here's a tip for thrifty competitors. The loss of a glove, headguard or other equipment during the course of a run may entail a fine of from five to fifty dollars at the discretion of the judges! "Braking" on a curve is an unpardonable offense, subject to heavy penalty. It mars the surface of the track.

Ski Jump

WHILE our Lake Saranac team, piloted by Harry Homberger, is one of the bobsled favorites, America has no chance in the ski jumps. We are tyros at that gull-swooping art. Your Scandanavian, reared on skis, is naturally proficient at racing and leaping with these bizarre-looking contraptions strapped to his feet. He pronounces it "sheeing"—the Norse tongue balking at the harsh letter K. At present the Norwegians hold most of the ski records. They are favored to win the Olympic jumps, with keen competition from the Swedes, Finns and Canadians.

The Ruud brothers of Norway have cleared over 250 feet. They won't equal this mark at Lake Placid for the good reason that the Olympic jumping hill is designed for leaps not exceeding 200 feet in length. There is really no such thing as a world's record ski jump because so much depends on the character of the hill. Any top-notch jumper, for example, might cover 230 feet on the long, exceedingly steep hill at Revelstoke, British Columbia, which offers extraordinary facilities for distance getting. A common yardstick for ski jumpers is lacking.

Length, in itself, is not sufficient to win an Olympic title. Form is an even more important factor in the eyes of the judges. The ski equivalent of a three-point landing in aviation will earn more points for the chap who leaps a paltry 150 feet than would a soaring jump of 230 feet for the competitor who mis-

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judges his landing and does a ground loop to the consternation of the onlookers and the detriment of his own anatomy.

Perfect form in ski jumping includes a well-timed, clean take-off, a graceful glide through space, and a balanced landing capped by a neatly turned stop. Carriage, posture and rhythm count on the tally sheet. The novice will find skis incompatible with anything approximating grace.

In his initial rush down the snow-covered, wooden trestle the ski jumper hits up 40 miles an hour. In mid-air, as he volplanes down gravity's invisible chute, he touches 100 miles an hour! He lands at an 80-mile clip—a speed faster than that at which an airplane makes contact with the ground.

Here's one for Ripley's book—the steeper the hill the safer the jump! Figure it out for yourself. If a ski jumper landed on level ground the shock would be comparable to falling out of a ten-story window. The sharper the decline the less jolt received by the jumper as his skis strike a glancing blow. He coasts smoothly, thus nullifying the jar of impact.

The average ski jumping hill has a grade of 35 degrees (contrast this with the maximum pitch of 15 degrees on a bobsled run), a rate of fall calculated to give a fly the vertigo. On the first 300 feet of drop—called the "starting slope"—the jumper works up momentum for the actual leap into that ghastly void beyond. A snow-shrouded platform, ten feet above the incline, is the jumping-off place. Below lie 400 more feet of precipitous slope. The jumper has the sensation of leaping into an abyss. It is not a sport for the fainthearted!

From the start of the Lake Placid ski jump course (not the take-off) to the flat terrain where the stop (not the landing) is made the total distance covered measures one thousand feet. This involves a vertical drop of 290 feet!

A jumper's skis are actually in the air for barely two seconds, yet the optical illusion is such that spectators are convinced they've watched a soaring flight lasting a full minute. It seems that long to the jumper as he watches the snow come up to meet him.

GEORGE TREVOR.

▸▸ Notable Music ◂◂

Concerts of the Week

THE National Orchestral Association, at its regular Tuesday afternoon concert at Carnegie Hall, showed a gratifying continuation of that steady improvement in ensemble and tone quality which has characterized this youthful organization since Mr. Leon Barzin assumed its baton. Mendelssohn's familiar *Fingal's Cave* overture was played with smoothness and finish. Miss Dusolina Giannini then sang, with the orchestra, Schubert's monumental song, *Die Allmacht*, and a recitative and aria from Tschaikowsky's *Jeanne d'Arc*. These were sung somewhat unevenly. Miss Giannini has a fine upper register, but the lower part of her voice, though of excellent quality, lacks volume.

The program ended with Allan Langley's Second Symphony in D minor. It is a fine and a praiseworthy thing for this association, following Mr. Hadley's example, to give a hearing to contemporary American composers. In this case the work was well worthy of performance. Like most of us humans, it had its good points and also some less good. Mr. Langley, although his music seems somewhat lacking in personal flavor, has a fertile thematic invention—a rare quality today; and, still more unusual, he is not ashamed to write melodically and to develop his themes organically. His counterpoint is sound and effortless; he thoroughly understands the orchestra. In other words, he has mastered the first technique of the composer. The second, the technique of elimination and condensation, he has not yet achieved. Few, indeed, have done so. And yet it should seem so clear that the more concentrated the musical work, the more solid, unified and direct will be its effect upon the hearer's perceptions. It is because they never learned this truth that neither Bruckner nor Mahler ever attained the general appreciation which they justly merited by many pages of magnificent music—strangled, unhappily, by the trite and prolix passages that intervene.

Mr. Langley's first *Allegro* is a fine, musicianly piece of work, if, perhaps, a bit episodic; the *Scherzo*, better still, having genuine humor and charm. The slow movement, however, in spite of some excellent material, is far too long, upsetting the balance of the work as a whole. The finale, of lighter calibre, is good. If more pieces of this character were placed on our concert programs we should have a far better chance of evolving, in America, some music really worth while. We shall look forward to more of Mr. Langley's work.

The capacity audience which jammed Carnegie Hall at Thursday night's Philharmonic heard an unforgettable performance of the Brahms B flat piano concerto by Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch. While his musical attainments, as well as those of Mr. Bruno Walter, may, of course, be taken for granted, it must be said that they both outdid themselves on this occasion; the result being a rendition difficult to surpass in its sheer beauty and distinction. This Brahms work is not so much a concerto as a full-blown symphony, in which the piano part is less a solo than a vital part of the instrumental texture. It will, then, be readily seen that the ideal interpreter is a musician of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's type—a master of ensemble playing, to whom the music itself is the first and only consideration. Mr. Walter conducted the concerto with a loving regard and a vitality which left none of its beauties unrevealed. His readings of the *Egmont* overture and of Strauss' *Don Juan* were full-blooded, dramatic and admirably balanced.

He did all that could be done with Prokofieff's orchestral suite from the pantomime-ballet, *The Prodigal Son*. This music could scarcely be called a disappointment to those who are familiar with his recent work and who have learned what to expect. Possibly it would have been more interesting with the stage setting so rhapsodically described by the Parisian writer cited in Mr. Gilman's program notes; but without this support the music seemed peculiarly cold and brittle. Mr. Prokofieff is apparently a sort of conductors' pet; his works are always sure of one performance everywhere; after which their demise is usually speedy, painless and unlamented. The pity of it is that they take up so much valuable time, which could be far better devoted to less sterile music.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

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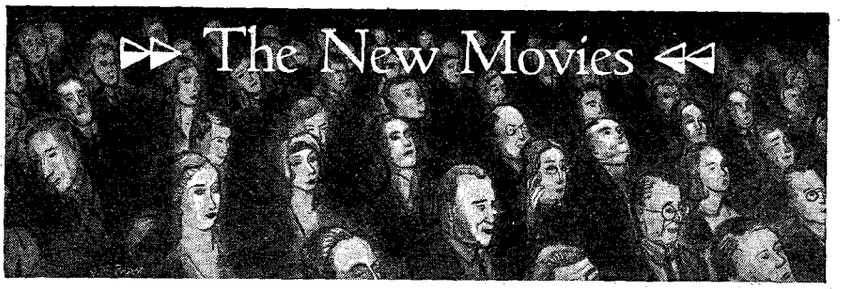
The New Movies



AFTER dreary months of whining ladies in modernistic settings and colorless reproductions of vapid stage plays, the cinema has finally pulled itself together and delivered a film with substance, depth and genuine emotional excitement. It is *The Man I Killed*, which the skilful Herr Ernst Lubitsch has directed for Paramount from the play by Maurice Rostand. Its excitement derives from the tortures endured by a young Frenchman (Phillips Holmes) who cannot forget the German whom he personally bayonetted in the war. A year after the Armistice he is still assailed by memories of his "murder." First he asks forgiveness of the Church, but the priest, embarrassed, tells him he is guilty of no sin as he had only done his duty. He then goes to the little town in Germany where his victim's father (Lionel Barrymore), mother and fiancée (Nancy Carroll) are still living. (He had found the address on a letter in the man's pocket.)

Drawn irresistibly to this family, he yet cannot bring himself to go through with the "confession" he had planned and when they greet him as an old friend of their son's of before the war, he again smothers his terrible secret and invents stories of the parties he and the boy had enjoyed years before. Finally the family becomes deeply attached to him and he falls in love with the man's fiancée, in whom he confides. *The Man I Killed* is really Lubitsch's film. Phillips Holmes is not satisfactorily mature as the Frenchman and only Lionel Barrymore gives a really distinguished performance, but Lubitsch has done a really superb piece of work. His story allows none of the wild chases which we usually associate with excitement on the screen, yet it keeps you in a sort of fevered suspense from start to finish. Lubitsch's direction is deft, often tinged with satire and bitterness, and always engrossing. He manipulates his film, its lights, its shades and its rare snatches of talk with a skill which is at once exciting and reassuring. There have been times in the past year when it had seemed that really fine direction had become a lost art. Lubitsch's other films include *Passion*, *The Marriage Circle*, *The Patriot*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, etc. While *The Man I Killed* might have been gruesome and depressing, it is neither. It is beautiful and moving.

"Secrets of the Orient"

Although it was made by UFA in Germany in the days of silence, *Secrets of the Orient* should give you an amusing evening. It is based on Scheherezade's 960th night of story-telling, one of the most unusual jobs of hack writing on record. It seems there was a poor cobbler in Cairo who got himself mistaken for a visiting prince and was almost married to the Sultan's daughter. The cobbler is well played and the vast mob scenes and grotesque costumes of the Sultan's court make quite a sight. A little old-fashioned in some details, *Secrets of the Orient* is still a charming and superior film. I don't know why it was so long in reaching this country.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

Philip Barry's literate dialogue and the fine performances of Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas do much to make this seem a great deal better than it really is. They even take it out of the class of "suffering womanhood" movies in which it rightly belongs. *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* is the story of a woman, childless and unhappy, who is married to an affectionate but unromantic mid-Western business man. When a famous Viennese psychologist (Paul Lukas) stops at the house for a few days while lecturing at a nearby university, Eve, in the words of the confession magazines, learns about love. In due course of time the scientist returns to Vienna and Eve has a baby, her husband never doubting that it is his own. Some years later, through a series of the most improbable events, the scientist returns to save the boy's life, but Eve refuses his offer to run away with him, saying it would ruin her husband's life and his faith in himself. Mr. Barry seems to have seen *Strange Interlude*.

Worth Seeing

ARROWSMITH: An honest and engrossing film of Sinclair Lewis' novel about a young scientist.

THE CHAMP: Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper give two swell performances.

HELL DIVERS: Grand air pictures of the U. S. fleet—also Wallace Beery and Clark Gable.

MATA HARI: Your Greta Garbo and mine as the famous world war spy.

PANAMA FLO: Ingenious and lively melodrama with Helen Twelvetrees.

PRIVATE LIVES: Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery playing with Noel Coward's amusing dialogue.

UNION DEPOT: Exciting doings in a big railway station.

New German Films

Robert Wiene, who upset all our ideas of motion picture making about eleven years ago with his *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, has now produced a sort of Germanic *Jekyll and Hyde* film with Fritz Kortner as a district attorney who turns into a sullen underworld thief by night. It is called *Der Andere* (The Man Within).

Nie Wieder Liebe is an imaginative farce about an "American millionaire," who takes up a $5,000,000 bet that he can keep away from women for five years.

News Notes

Variety reports that 2,000 small town movie houses are now having special weekly shows for children, which is encouraging. If the little dears could only be trained to stay away from the regular theatres, perhaps the rest of us would get a little more adult entertainment.

Pola Negri's new film, *A Woman Commands*, has two endings. When it is shown in Europe she dies before a firing squad. In the U. S. A. she rides into the sunset with her gentleman friend.

An allegorical short is at large in which Mr. Prosperity, accompanied by Miss Good Times and Miss Sunshine, break right into Mr. Depression's office and tells the old meanie just where to get off. This inspiring scene ends with Miss Sunshine's girl friends doing a dance around a lad with a startling resemblance to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who, himself, is doing a lugubrious sort of tap dance. I don't know what happened to the Statue of Liberty. Perhaps somebody sold her short.

And finally, Jackie Cooper, whose press agents said he was nine years old last year, but who is only eight this season, is to receive $7,500 per week for four weeks for making personal appearances in movie houses. Poor little fellow!

C. P.

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The Latest Plays

IF YOU have thought of the wagon-trail pioneers of the Oregon Trail as simple, school-book characters and the Indians as noble Red Men with never a thought for anything but hunting and fighting, *Distant Drums* will necessitate a certain amount of mental readjustment. True, the familiar figures are there, as are the traditional difficulties which beset our pioneers. They are menaced by Indians, cholera breaks out, rations run low, a wagon is destroyed at a river crossing and finally, with winter closing in, they lose the trail. Against this background and in such a company of simple, straightforward adventurers, Dan Totheroh (himself a descendant of California pioneers) has set down a strange, strange woman—the strangest woman you ever saw, played by Pauline Lord. Her grandmother had been burned for a witch back in New England, while she herself is a vague, fumbling, mystical creature more concerned with the drums of a distant band of Indians than with anything in the wagon train. She rejects the advances of her elderly husband—who is leader of the party—and gives the young man who would be her lover only the most unsubstantial encouragement. One night she creeps outside the circle of chained wagons to watch the Indians at their dancing, to return filled with a sort of fascinated terror. Always she is mumbling to herself, explaining herself, excusing herself for not being just like everybody else and poking about in the corners of her mind to see how she feels about things. The most obvious explanation is that she is crazy. In a modern background she would be either a misunderstood wife or merely a subject for psychoanalytical by-play.

But as Mr. Totheroh has written the part, and as Guthrie McClintic has directed it, and as Pauline Lord plays it, she is far removed from any such definite commonplaces. Between her and the Indians, whose drums have such a strange effect on her, there is a mysterious connection, the more mysterious since no Indian ever appears in the semicircle of canvas-covered wagons against which the play takes place. As the piece ends she is being sent out to the Indian chief in return for guidance which will take the wagon-train through to the Oregon country. The chief had demanded her—and I had the feeling that very probably they would get along famously together, particularly if he didn't understand English and didn't have to listen to her introspective ramblings.

All this and more Pauline Lord conveys with considerable skill and subtlety. Both she and Mr. McClintic (who is also the producer of *Distant Drums*) have tackled a most difficult sort of story . . . . and done handsomely by it. I must confess that I often found it difficult to go playing at mysticism in Idaho of 1848 and that I wondered if Mr. Totheroh was not gilding our simple pioneers with an alien mysticism, but in any event I found *Distant Drums* an unusual and provocative play.

▶▶"*Whistling in the Dark*"

A mystery play, particularly one with a lot of tough-talking gangsters may not sound like the funniest or freshest show in town, but *Whistling in the Dark* is that very thing. This is due partly to the diminutive Ernest Truex and partly to a delightfully ridiculous plot. Seeing a for-rent sign on a lonely house not far from New York one afternoon, a best-selling crime story writer and his fiancée drive up. The place is a bootleggers' hangout and when the novelist begins to boast about his books and, above all, about his "perfect" crime plots, the gangsters get an idea. It has become necessary, they tell him, to put a certain party on the spot, but he is so high up in politics that no ordinary gunplay will answer. If he is so good at devising "perfect" murders, let him work out the details for a *real* one. They give him twenty-four hours and add that if he refuses he and his girl friend will make a sea trip in a small boat, never, never to return.

The scheme they finally offer their captors is to put poison in tooth paste in such a fashion that no trace remains.

You may say you have seen all this before, but the fact remains that *Whistling in the Dark* is a lot of fun. Oddly enough it was written by Edward Childs Carpenter, a New York playwright, and Laurence Gross, a Milwaukee furniture buyer, heretofore unknown to Broadway.

▶▶"*A Little Racketeer*"

Except for Queenie Smith and a few good dance numbers, this new musical comedy is but another proof that the old-style song and dance entertainment is finished, washed up and done for. In fact, there is but one other show in town (*Everybody's Welcome*) which can be called a musical comedy by the old definition. (The *Vanities* and the *Scandals*, which are purely epidermis displays, do not count; nor does Ed Wynn's show, nor do operettas.)

The change seems to have come after the *First Little Show* about three years ago. At that time it was discovered that a few more ounces of brains and a few less tons of scenery and chorus girls made a better evening all round. *A Little Racketeer* (adapted from a German musical show) follows the old blueprints, alternating solos, dance specialties, choruses and romantic moments with regularity. Only in this case things are hampered by dull music, a total lack of comedy and atrocious costumes. However, if you like dancing, Barbara Newberry and Carl Randall fling themselves and each other about with as much gusto as though they were in the best show in town.

CREIGHTON PEET.

Recommended Shows

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: Photographic but dramatic presentation of the career of an East Side Jewish boy.

CYNARA: English play about infidelity with Philip Merivale and Henry Stephenson.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: "Life is just a bowl of cherries" and other inane but catchy songs.

HAY FEVER: Revival of some early Noel Coward banter.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Three related melodramas with Nazimova fortunately in two of them.

OF THEE I SING: Uproarious political burlesque with Gershwin tunes.

REUNION IN VIENNA: For the numerous admirers of the Lunts.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: A nice light farce with Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Katharine Cornell's smash nearing the end of its run. Don't miss it.

THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON: It would be better without Henry Hull, but Dorothy Gish and others make it worth while anyway.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Jerome Kern score and nice settings.

THE DEVIL PASSES: A really all star cast in a witty English comedy.

THE GOOD FAIRY: The best of the Hungarian pieces and it has Helen Hayes, too.

THE LAUGH PARADE: Ed Wynn's beguiling idiocies.

THE LEFT BANK: Leaving soon, but worth a visit by those who are interested in Americans in Paris.

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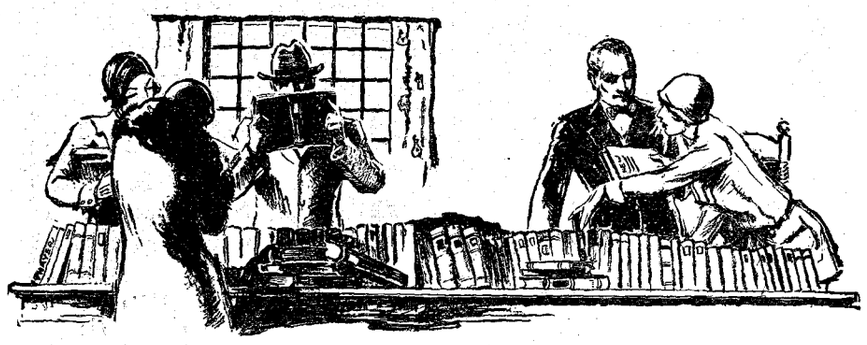
The New Books



The Week's Reading

Dear Robert Emmet By R. W. Postgate The biographer who attributes imaginary thoughts to his characters, writes Mr. Postgate, should not be complimented for his "skilled psychological reconstruction"; he should be "described as a liar." Mr. Postgate's life of Robert Emmet, then, is based on careful research. But it is also well written. It is a tragic story, this attempt to rescue Ireland from her woes, which ended when Emmet was only twenty-five years old. He was executed for treason.

Man's inhumanity to man has rarely been better illustrated than in the case of Ireland's attempts to seek freedom. "Let there be no inscription on my tomb," said Robert Emmet just before the end. "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then shall my character be vindicated, then may my epitaph be written."

Jean Jacques Rousseau By Matthew Josephson A study of Zola, written two or three years ago, gave the first indication that Matthew Josephson could absorb vast masses of material and produce an excellent life. It is pleasant to record that the second biography from his pen, which also affords a critical examination of the philosophy of Rousseau, shows marked growth. The story is more compact than in the life of Zola; the material is better digested. It is particularly gratifying that Mr. Josephson has weighed carefully the truth of Rousseau's own *Confessions*, that he has rejected portions in the light of other evidence.

Rousseau would not have been too happy in this, the machine age. He would not have approved mass production, mass thinking, mass optimism and mass hysteria. If anything, mass hysteria would have been the least of the evils to him. Perhaps, with all due respect to the Cheney report, this is one book which will sell in direct proportion to the severity of the current depression. The American of the Big Bull Market would dismiss him "as one of those nuts" as, indeed, Rousseau was. But his influence on such thinkers as Emerson and Tolstoy was profound. He really, if indirectly, was one of the founders of our own Democratic party. How surprised John J. Raskob would be!

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

Symphonic Broadcasts By Olin Downes This book, by Mr. Olin Downes, the music reviewer of the New York *Times*, is a transcription of his radio talks accompanying the broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Sunday afternoon concerts.

Edited and markedly improved, these make up a book which fills a very useful niche. Succinct and well realized descriptions of mostly familiar musical works are written in lucid and readable English, entirely free from pedantries or verbal affectations and containing no statements designed to shock the reader into an awed sense of the writer's profound erudition. They are, rather, meant to stimulate popular interest in the composers and the subject matter of the works with which they deal, using an idiom well adapted to the receptive powers of the many who, while musically inclined, have but slight acquaintance with the literature of music. To such we cordially advise the reading of Mr. Downes' book, which they will find both interesting and informative.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

Weep No More By Ward Greene The cocktail shaker has done a good deal for the post-war novelist. A climax that could only have been reached after three hundred pages in the nineties can now be arrived at in fifty by getting the characters well ginned up. Not that we wish to imply that the post-war novelist takes liberties with the truth. Things undoubtedly happen that way. But there's certainly more excitement to be gotten out of Corinth now that the privilege of drinking oneself under the table is no longer confined to the men. More appeared on the surface at the party Sister Craycraft gave for Eppy Spurlock—poor, homely Eppy, whose New York fiancé existed only in her imagination—than would have appeared if the ladies had drunk tea. Nor would Sister's husband—rotter though he was—and the girl from New York as carelessly have precipitated the final tragedy had they been entirely sober. Mr. Greene draws his characters vigorously and without too much detail; his prose is energetic, and his dialogue vivid. And his story makes you feel the bewilderment of these people who have somehow lost touch with their environment.

Major Grant By Carola Oman Against a historical background little used by novelists since Lever, Miss Oman's hero, one of Wellington's secret agents, is captured by the French, escapes, makes his way to Paris and thence to Nantes, whence after some unpleasant adventures he is taken by a fishing smack out to a British man of war. Napoleon and Josephine, Marmont, Wellington, Castelreagh and dozens of minor characters take their parts in the story, drawn in with a firm hand behind which is sound scholarship. Miss Oman's panorama has a wide sweep; it takes in Spain, France and England; there is a mass of detail which, however, never hampers or obscures the action. *Major Grant* does not perhaps quite come up to *Crouchback*, nevertheless it is one of the best historical novels we have ever read.

The Old Woman Talks By F. O. Mann We suppose the author deserves some credit for never letting the old woman get out of character in all the 382 pages of the talk, in which, on her deathbed, she reviews her life and tells the stories of her six children. But frankly we found her pretty dull. Nor could we find

What to Read

FICTION

Major Grant, by Carola Oman: Holt. Fine historical novel of the Peninsular Wars.

Nixey's Harlequin, by A. E. Coppard: Knopf. Another volume of this author's unusual short stories.

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman: Viking. Another story of the Tennessee mountains by the author of The Happy Mountains.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year: Day. Fine selection of short thrillers that have never before appeared in book form.

NON-FICTION

Return to Yesterday, by Ford Madox Ford: Liveright. Well written reminiscences of James, Conrad and o[illegible]r literary and political figures of before the wa

Essays [illegible] Persuasion, by John Maynard Keynes: Harco[illegible] Wise, witty and easily understandable papers on various phases of the economic situation.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

Congorilla, by Martin Johnson: Brewer. Adventures among African pigmies and apes, with fine photographs.

McAroni Medleys, by T. A. Daly: Harcourt. Clever and graceful light verse, some in dialect.

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any trace of the Dickensian and De Morganish humor which some reviewers discovered in Mr. Mann's previous book (which we have not read). Rather dull, quarrelsome, lower middle-class Londoners, these people, very literal and matter of fact. Mr. Mann may have humor, and if so it is too bad that he didn't give the old woman a little of it.

Which Way?
By Theodora Benson

It is not an original idea to tell the story of what would happen to a person if he had made different decisions at some crossroads in his life. Theodora Benson makes use of this theme in her story of Claudia Heseltine, twenty-two and beautiful, and what would have befallen her had she accepted each one of three important invitations for the same week-end.

The usual device in stories of this kind, notably in O. Henry's *Roads of Destiny*, is to show that the same fate awaits a man no matter which choice he makes. With Claudia, however, though the same men played more or less important parts in her life, no matter which way she went, their relations to her were different and her life varied slightly in each case. Inasmuch as Miss Benson has avoided the fatalistic outcome, she would have made more interesting reading by having the three crossways less alike.

Zeppelins Over England
By Capt. Treusch von Buttlar Brandenfels

Personal experiences of a commander of one of the Zeppelins that took part in the raids on England during the war. Of the 78 airships that Germany had in commission during the war, 26 were lost at the hands of the enemy, 14 through bad weather conditions and 12 through fire and explosions. Twenty-eight of these were destroyed with their crews. Von Buttlar writes simply of his experiences, describes storms and raids and fights and the routine of life aboard a raider interestingly, and gives a picture of one branch of warfare which is quite different from others about which we have read so much.

Courts and Doctors
By Lloyd Paul Stryker

A book which defines the position of the doctor with respect to the law, and which every doctor should read. In the preface the president-elect of the New York State Medical Society says: "The tremendous opportunities open to a disgruntled patient to bring an action against a physician are practically unlimited and indicate the vital necessity for the physician to be acquainted with the present status of the law of malpractice." The work is divided into 7 parts:

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IF the grand old Greek who lived in a tub ever tried Ingram's he'd have founded the Getta Betta Shave Society and acknowledged that here was the one best shaving cream!

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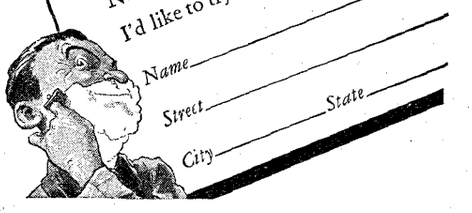

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Definition of the Practice of Medicine, Relationship of Doctor and Patient, Action for Malpractice, Defenses to Actions for Malpractice, Expert Testimony, The Doctor on the Witness Stand, The Doctor and the Criminal Law.

Nothing Venture
By Patricia Wentworth

Rosamond jilted Jervis on the eve of the wedding, thus doing him out of his inheritance, which was conditional on his marrying before a certain date. Otherwise the money went to Rosamond. But Nan volunteered to accompany him to the altar and although she was but a lowly steno, Jervis grabbed her. But did Rosamond give up? Not she! With the help of a boy friend she arranged several accidents for Jervis, who, noble jackass that he was, refused in the face of the plainest proof and the warnings of Nan and his amusing friend, F. F., to believe ill of Rosamond. Of course they get him good in the end and there's some very thrilling suspense before the rescue. A good yarn, if you can overlook our hero's mental processes.

The Second Omnibus of Crime
Edited by Dorothy L. Sayers

Another excellent selection of more than 50 short stories, divided into two sections: Detection and Mystery, and Mystery and Horror. Miss Sayers is not as much at home in the second section which, though it takes up nearly two-thirds of the book, contains rather too many of the old stand-bys—Bulwer's *The Haunted and the Haunters*, for instance, and stories by Poe, W. W. Jacobs, Blackwood and Barry Pain. Not that these stories aren't good—perhaps even the best—of their kind. But in an anthology of this kind we look for more recent stories, newer talent, with which we are as yet unfamiliar. Miss Sayers' detective story selections, on the other hand, are nearly all good and nearly all new to us.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Books Reviewed—This Week

Dear Robert Emmet, by R. W. Postgate: Vanguard, $3.50.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, by Matthew Josephson: Harcourt, $5.00.

Symphonic Broadcasts, by Olin Downes: Dial Press, $2.50.

Weep No More, by Ward Greene: Smith, $2.50.

Major Grant, by Carola Oman: Holt, $2.50.

The Old Woman Talks, by F. O. Mann: Harcourt, $2.00.

Which Way?, by Theodora Benson: Doubleday, $2.50.

Zeppelins Over England, by Capt. von Buttlar Brandenfels: Harcourt, $2.50.

Courts and Doctors, by L. P. Stryker: Macmillan, $2.00.

Nothing Venture, by Patricia Wentworth: Lippincott, $2.00.

The Second Omnibus of Crime, Ed. by Dorothy Sayers: Coward, $2.50.

From the Life

The Bed

HE HAD been a peaceful and respectable farmer all his life, living with the earth, caring about his crops. Then when he was well past middle age his wife died; and he became a bootlegger.

He may have turned to it the way a man turns into a barroom when he has no home to turn to. Or it may be that life together was an adventure to the two of them and there he was, when she left him, still adventurous.

Some might say it was strange for a man of his nature and experience to go about breaking the law that way in order to make money. But his neighbors didn't say it. They were New Englanders and close-mouthed, like himself; and they seemed to accept his bootlegging as part of his character just as the farming had been part of his character, or his happiness with his wife. Besides he had had considerable trafficking with laws that meant something; laws that rose inexorably out of the earth, confronting him; laws that blew from the four corners of the world, threatening him, or that reached down from the heavens after him; laws that struggled with him in his own bone and heartbeat. He had respect for these laws. He had learned them and abided by them. But what went on in Washington had little to do with him.

The only ones to be troubled by the old bootlegger's profession were his family. His daughters must have been uneasy about him more than once, mornings when he came home looking all worn out; but it came natural to them not to talk. He had always been powerful, now he was rich. Occasionally they wondered silently, what about the money? And looked at each other startled. They knew he brought it home, they knew he was saving it. But they would as soon ask him about it as question the ways of God. They were good daughters and they took out their curiosity in being good housewives. They did not look for money, they looked for dust. Each spring and fall they turned the house out, rolling up the rugs, taking down the pictures, scouring the drawers of the furniture. The bootlegger was never interested. When it was possible he stayed away from home at these times.

The daughters were well along in life on that day when the milkman told the antique lady that the old bootlegger up the road was dead.

"You'd ought to go up that way," said the milkman. "They're selling out. And they got a lot of junk up there. If

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I's you," he concluded, "I'd take a look at it."

"Yes?" said the antique lady thoughtfully. She was young—but not too young—and there was something comprehending about her that invited confidences.

At the bootlegger's house the two daughters met her timidly. "We did all we could," they confided presently. "We brought him downstairs where it was warm. Yes—a sort of stroke—but nothing made him any better. The money, it was on his mind—terrible. But he couldn't tell us. He just kept saying 'money' and 'upstairs.' Like that. 'Upstairs—money.' But we couldn't find it. We said it was all right. But he just looked at us—and died. So now we're selling out."

The antique lady nodded, looking at the furniture. Yes, here was a chest—and over here a rare table. "Look carefully," she warned them. "Don't let anything leave the house without looking." But they were good housekeepers.

Upstairs she stopped quite suddenly at something. "Our mother's bed," they told her.

"But what's that?" she asked.

"Only a cane," they assured her apologetically, handing it over. "He always kept it there as if he wanted it beside him."

It was not a good cane, being made of leather thongs and nothing to lean on. But the head was solid brass. A blackjack.

"And he slept here," said the antique lady.

"He never would sleep anywheres but here," they told her earnestly. "He never would."

"And where's the mattress?" asked the antique lady.

They were good housekeepers and spoke with modest pride. "We moved that when we took him downstairs so's he'd be more comfortable."

"And did he know it? Did he know, when he kept saying 'upstairs', that his own mattress was under him?"

"He never knew," they told her mournfully. "He never even noticed but what his own mattress was—still—upstairs—" The voices trailed, they lifted their eyes slowly in a sort of horror.

"But—where is it now?" insisted the antique lady.

They were good housekeepers—and with sickness one can't be too sure—and of course he had died on it—The thoughts ran visibly across their stricken faces before they could answer the antique lady.

"We burned the mattress," they whispered.

IBBY HALL.

HAPAG

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REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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Prose and Worse

A COPY of the Charles City, Iowa, *Daily Press and Evening Intelligencer* came to rest on our desk the other day. We were about to nudge it into the waste basket when an advertisement caught our eye:

NEW YEAR'S DINNER MENU

—

Chicken Rice Soup

Roast Turkey
Roast Duck
Roast Goose
Baked Chicken
Fried Chicken
Roast Pork

Sage or Oyster Dressing
Wax Beans
Mashed Potatoes and
Chicken Gravy

Hot Biscuits

Cranberry Sauce

English Date Pudding
Cranberry Sherbet
Ice Cream or Pie

—

Dinner 25c
Duck, Goose and Turkey
10c extra

We glanced up at the date line, thinking that perhaps this was an old paper that some one had found in a trunk, but no, it wasn't 1850, it was December 31, 1931. Then we thought that perhaps the price was a misprint. But a further examination of the paper convinced us that this was not so, for we found two butcher shop advertisements in which "very choice" beefsteak was quoted at 11 cents a pound, hamburger and sausage at 5 cents, pork roasts at 8 cents and sliced bacon for 42 cents a five-pound box. We leave you to draw whatever deductions you care to from these facts. Personally, being a man of action, we have wasted no time in deductions but have consulted timetables and transportation rates in an effort to ascertain the feasibility of commuting weekly between New York and Charles City. The result of our researches has not been entirely satisfactory. Iowa is farther away than it looks on the map. The upkeep of a private plane would more than offset—in the present state of our appetite—the saving in food, and commuting by train would not save enough, since we'd have to buy about half our meals in the diner and you know what railroad food costs. On the other hand we have a feeling that there is some solution to the problem. There's the 25-cent dinner and here are we. Somehow those two elements should be brought together. What with the interchangeability of time and space and all those other modern scientific theories, it ought not to be so difficult. And the solution would also be the solution to the depression.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We had always supposed that the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred only as a result of extensive research and study in the philosophical field. We don't mean the honorary degree, of course, which can apparently be given as a reward for anything from winning the lightweight championship to flagpole sitting. But the Ph. D. who had worked for his degree was, we felt, really a Doctor of Philosophy. This belief has been rudely shattered by Cornell University, which recently awarded a Ph. D. to a young man who discovered a new method of preserving honey. But what in the name of Kant and Hegel has honey to do with philosophy? Even a D. D. would have been better, for the young man could have preached all his sermons about bees and the land flowing with milk and honey and so on. We don't throw any bricks at the young man's discovery; no doubt it's very useful. But he's no more a Ph. D. than we are. Come to think of it, we invented something once that ought to be good for a degree—a soap that won't get lost in the bathtub. We're going to write Cornell about it. Meanwhile we wish somebody would explain to us just what these various doctors' theses are supposed to be based on.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Going through Macy's book department the other day we noticed something that we think the publishers and booksellers who have been hashing over the Cheney report on the state of the book trade might take to heart. Here are a dozen or more counters displaying thousands of books, and over each is a little sign indicating the kind of book to be found there. Over the smallest counter of all was the sign: Literature. For the people who care for literature—and that includes most publishers and some booksellers and a negligible percentage of the literate public—this should, we think, be somewhat in the nature of handwriting on the wall.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Recent Recordings

COLUMBIA has been particularly nice to us of late. Among the things that they have issued for which I am especially grateful is another fine recording by the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester, England, under Sir Hamilton Harty. This time it is Mendelssohn's *Symphony No. 4, in A Major*, generally known as the *Italian Symphony*.[1] It is delightful, simple, light music and the Hallé Orchestra plays it with evident pleasure and great skill. The recording is good and the set is, therefore, to be recommended in every way.

Another fine contribution by Columbia is a single twelve-inch disk of Walter Gieseking, considered by many the finest living pianist, playing Debussy's *Arabesques*.[2] The tone is good and Gieseking's brilliant technique is apparent throughout. A novel feature is the fact that they have impressed on the disk a facsimile of Herr Gieseking's signature, which should add to the interest. Again it should be noted that Columbia has turned out a piano recording which sounds very much like a piano, which is more than most of the other companies seem able to do.

An interesting importation is Theodore Chaliapin, with the Russian Opera Chorus of Paris, singing *Now Let Us Depart* and *Hymn of Penitence*, by Strokin and Begeur, respectively.[3] It never seems to me that any choirs can touch the good Russian ones for solemnly impressive music and on this record we have the added advantage that the solo part is sung by Chaliapin, whose bass voice is still, to my mind, among the best.

Victor is responsible for giving us *The Queen of Sheba Ballet Music* from the third act of Goldmark's rarely performed opera.[4] The orchestra is the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Frederick Stock, and if there is a better trained orchestra anywhere it has not been brought to my notice. Mr. Stock may be lacking in tricks on the conducting stand calculated to impress the ladies, but he is a thorough musician and the recordings of his band always show it.

Reverting once more to Columbia, those who like their Bach straight and not *à la* Stokowski, will be pleased to hear that Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam have made a particularly good set of the *Suite No. 2 in B Minor, for Flutes and Strings*[5] in which no liberties are taken and in which the tone and the recording are excellent.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Album No. 167.
2. Columbia 68019.
3. H.M.V., D.B. 1510.
4. Victor 7474.
5. Columbia Album No. 168.

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Apropos of Nothing

Thought Transference

SHOULD any one ask me if I believed in thought transference I would give an affirmative answer, having proved it to my satisfaction in a series of experiments with a friend. The results achieved were not spectacular, but they were convincing to us.

The method we pursued was simplicity itself: Fritz, with a pack of cards in his hands, would pass them one by one from the front to the back of the pack, looking at each as he did so and making the effort to convey the knowledge of what card it was to me. I sat on the opposite side of the room with my eyes closed and my mind open—empty, that is, as nearly as I could make it, of any interfering thought.

Our first efforts were unsuccessful, though not altogether barren of result. I had read somewhere that the chances of guessing the cards correctly in fifty-two attempts would amount to about five per cent. We did better than this from the start, but not enough to prove anything either way. As we persisted in our efforts, however, and developed a technique, the percentage of successes steadily mounted, rarely falling below forty per cent and sometimes reaching as high as sixty. About the time we were beginning to attain these high averages, circumstances forced us to stop and we were never able to resume our practice, but the experience convinced us that under the right conditions thought transference was possible.

The most interesting thing about it all was our discovery of those conditions. The most important appeared to be that the two participators in the experiment should be oppositely polarized. That is to say, the sender should be as positive as possible and the receiver as negative—a target for the other's arrow. We inferred that both minds had to be attuned to the same wave-length, as it were, from the fact that one success was likely to be followed by others in swift succession, whereas a failure, changing the vibration, appeared to break the connection for a time. In sending, Fritz formed a mental image of the card before him, but we never could determine whether it was necessary to do this or not—I know I did not receive them as images but as intuitions. Whatever the faculty employed, it appeared to be quicker than thought, for if I spoke the name of a card before I had time to think it was apt to be the right one, but if I hesitated or began calculating probabilities, I was lost.

We noticed also that our moods made a great difference—if we were worried, at odds with one another or with life, we could communicate in this way very little; when we were feeling friendly, carefree, happily relaxed, we got the best results. The weather also seemed to be a factor—on cloudy and damp days the "current" was not so readily established nor so successfully maintained as on days that were bright and clear. Even the time of day seemed to make a difference in that the mornings were better than the afternoons. This may have been due to the fact that after the refreshment of sleep the mind is naturally clearer and stronger, though an occultist to whom I told this said that it was probably due to the ebb and flow of solar energy, which is positive from dawn till mid-day and negative from mid-day till dark.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Super-Salesman of Patriotism

(Continued from Page 146)

2,640 of its fraternal and patriotic organizations, 1,194 of its religious organizations and 1,437 of its farm groups, were coöperating with him, and that up to January 1, 291,955 pieces of literature had been mailed into the state by the commission. As we look at Mother's Day, Christmas, half-million-dollar football stadia, and so on, charges of commercialization need not be confined to the George Washington Bicentennial.

Granted there is an admixture of motives in all men, a mixture of dross in even the purest gold, Bloom's essential sincerity in this enterprise can hardly be questioned, even if his methods have irritated some of the pious. As a son of immigrant parents, he is intensely proud of America. When he tells you how thankful he is to America for the opportunities it has given him, he speaks from his heart. George Washington is a sign and symbol of patriotism; the Father of His Country is a real hero in flesh and blood. At sixty-one, after his retirement from active business, a new job has been placed on his shoulders, to put across the biggest show, he will admit, that he has ever tried to stage.

As a Jew, furthermore, and as the son of immigrant parents, he has a natural pride in the fact that a man of his race and origin has taken over the direction of the biggest mass production patriotic enterprise which the country has ever seen, the attempt to tell the story of George Washington to the 120,000,000 people in the America of 1932. Though a successful business man and promoter all his life, he has never before been conspicuous in a public sense, even as a member of Congress. He is naturally proud of the fact that today he is the "big man"

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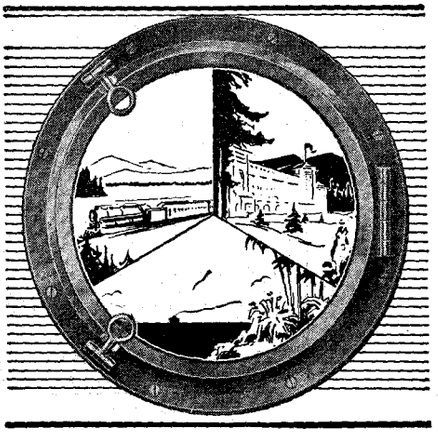

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in the George Washington Bicentennial. This is perhaps the dross in the gold which has offended some of his Congressional critics.

Descendants of three American presidents were gathered in Bloom's office not long ago looking over the portraits of the first President, and discussing Bicentennial plans with the associate director. The conversation of the three after a while diverted itself to their illustrious forbears.

"I suppose, Mr. Bloom," said one of the group, with the superiority of tone of a proprietary family, "you must get bored hearing us talk about our ancestors."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Sol. "How about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?"

The Impresario Triumphant

(Continued from Page 147)

developing of their own painters and their success has proved the Barnum theory anew.

Generally speaking, its procedure is as follows. An American dealer keeps in close touch with the studios of Montmartre. A new man comes along who has something more abstract, more revolutionary, more striking than the general run of Paris painting. Immediately he is noticed by dealer scouts or by the organized French dealer himself . . . . for France has learned a great lesson from America. An arrangement is made to market the works of this new genius in the United States. Private exhibitions are arranged and adroitly worded publicity, hailing our hero as the messiah of a new order in painting, begins to appear. If the really discerning ones begin to take notice he is good for a page in *Vanity Fair* and soon he is launched as the season's "find." Dealers know that there is room for several of these new men in every New York winter season. Paintings which were purchased at the time of the Armory show for less than $200 have brought $20,000 during the last few years. It is an unparalleled situation.

In music, the American field can only be described, from the manager's point of view, as marvellous. For in this game any one with from one to five dollars for a ticket can play. Launch a coloratura soprano in the United States and you have few worries until you are ready to retire, outside those provided by the coloratura herself.

The master mind of some American manager can be discovered back of practically every successful concert and operatic artist of the last thirty years. Charles L. Wagner stands out as an example of a mentality who improved on Barnum by accomplishing Barnumesque results with a certain dignity. Wagner arrived by different methods and he insisted upon quality by his performers. He launched one singer who has become a household word by a system of reiterated bookings and cancellations in New York, until he had the city rocking with curiosity to see and hear this unknown but apparently highly capricious songbird. Talking-machine records, literature furnished by a tieup with the crack train of a great railroad, and some super-salesmanship, were Wagner's methods in making John McCormack the greatest single box office attraction of his time. Wagner is the gentleman who had the vision to take Will Rogers out of the Follies and ballyhoo him into a world-famous gum-chewing, homely philosopher.

Our symphony orchestras have a slightly different parentage. Nothing appeals to the democratic American like snobbery. A symphony orchestra is the last word in musical snobbery, as we understand it in America. One symphonic organization in a city is enough for dozens of climbers to ride on through the creation of committees, advisory boards, directors and all of the semi-social and pseudo-musical wake which follows our prima-donna conductors and their bands. Paying for a small share of a large orchestra deficit and sleeping through a few concerts a year entitles any local tycoon to be described as a patron of the arts in his obituary notice and to a lot of attention and prestige while he is yet above the ground. People who would not be able to discern *Yankee Doodle* from *The Star Spangled Banner* acquire with ease an ability to discuss the superiority of Mr. Stokowski's Brahms or Mr. Koussevitzky's Ravel. Even a so-called "classical" number played by an orchestra in a motion picture cathedral will get a big hand, each boob demonstrating to the other that he knows what it's all about.

Our contribution to any of the arts, from a creative standpoint, is negligible, but we have devised methods and means of exploiting art which are the marvels of an incredulous world.

Are Our Industrial Overlords Guilty?

(Continued from Page 145)

in wasteful idleness; instead, and quite cheerfully it seems, we support one in wasteful activity, which is a lot more expensive.

No period should any longer be considered a prosperous one that does not extend certain fundamental opportunities

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to all, including those things essential to the spirit as well as to the body. If we are honestly to call any time one of prosperity, the primary index of that prosperity must be found in the lowest possible cost in money and energy of such essentials as housing, furnishings, clothes and food, and the employment of assistance at reasonable cost when such is found necessary.

If we are to raise the level of existence we must do it, not by raising the costs and burdens of existence, but by lowering them. It is only in these circumstances of being able to live as a nation at a minimum of actual money expense that man can find the opportunity for the advancement of his whole being as a social unit and render his adequate quota of usefulness to society at large, as well as having some fun out of the thing as he goes along.

SUCH an opportunity provides the only circumstances under which those individuals who have dedicated their lives to such non-money-making pursuits as art, writing, teaching, scientific investigation, social welfare and other professions, can develop and function to the highest degree. It is in these lives the satisfactions, the joys and the expansion of the future of the race rest, and not in the lives of those merely addicted to money-making.

This, then, is the preliminary task awaiting all intelligent members of the middle class if they would mitigate the results of a cunningly instituted waste and extravagance for profit. They must be as one in their resolve to accept nothing less than quality in productions, and honesty in statement, and nothing more than is needed for consumption. This is a tall order just now for those in high places of business and government to fill; and in their delivery of such things as durable goods and dependable terminology it would be very surprising indeed if at first they didn't get a bit out of breath while taking the first few grades.

The way out is no longer via our present kind of governmental remedies and enactments, nor yet by forcing society back to the treadmill of big business policies. Business from now on must adjust itself to the needs of society, and not society to the desires of a few business leaders.

Unless we wish chaos on the one hand or revaluations on the other, the only way out lies with the firm and resolute and immediate action of a middle class that demands an enlightened government leadership that really leads, and a business leadership that honestly fills the social needs rather than one which tries under any pretext whatever to create needs where they do not exist.

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